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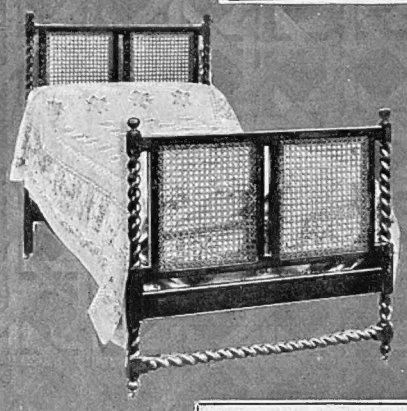

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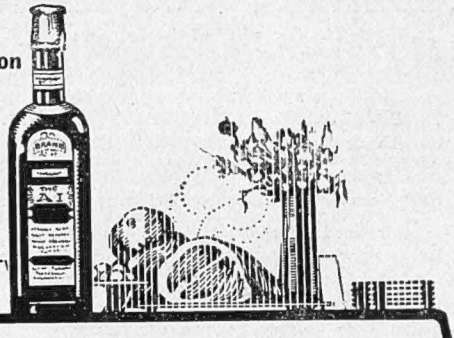

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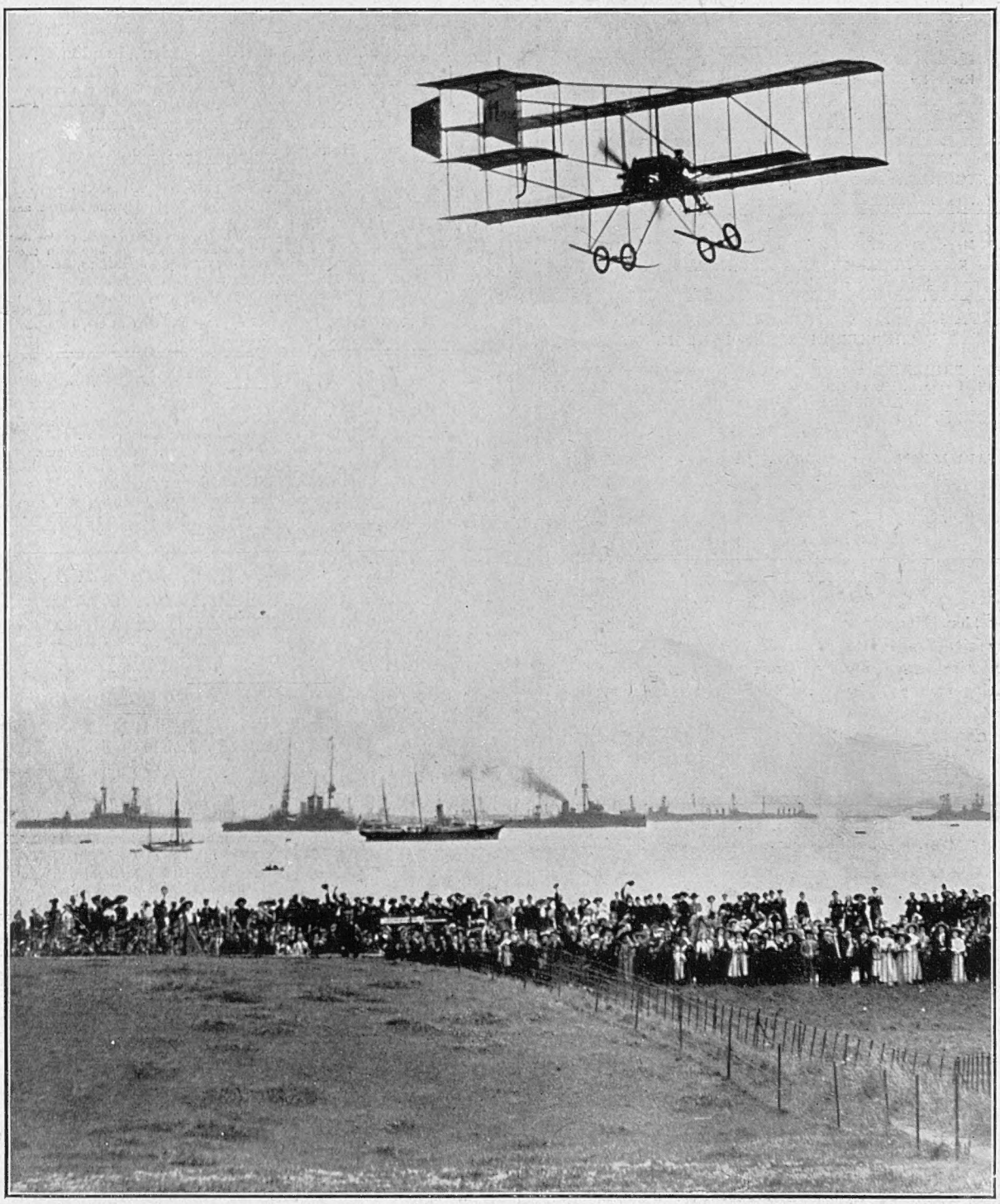

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ROSABEL. By Lucas Cleeve. (Greening: 6s.)
THE CASE FOR THE LADY. By Florence Warden. (Greening: 6s.)
LOVE IS LIFE. By Mrs. S. Kenny. (Greening: 6s.)
HYPOCRITES AND SINNERS. By Violet Tweeddale. (Long: 6s.)
TO JUSTIFY THE MEANS. By a Peer. (Long: 6s.)
INGA OF MORDANGER. By S. C. Michell. (Ouseley: 6s.)
RICHARD BEVERLEY. By Francis Bancroft. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
FROM THAMES TO SEINE. By Charles Pears. (Chatto and Windus: 12s. 6d. net.)
THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNESS. By E. M. Crawford. (Macmillan: 6s.)
THE GLITTERING DESIRE. By E. R. Punshon. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE SQUATTER'S BAIRN. By E. J. Mather. (Rebman: 6s.)
A PRISONER IN SPAIN. By W. Caine. (Greening: 6s.)
MISTRESS CYNTHIA. By May Wynne. (Greening: 6s.)
THE MYSTERY OF LIFE. By A. N. Roberts. (Paul, Trench: 1s. net.)
BIOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS. By E. Clerihew, B.A. (Laurie: 1s. net.)
IN DEEP ABYSS. By G. Ohnet. (Greening: 1s. 6d. net.)
THE SILLY SEASON. By "J. F. G." (Elkin, Mathews: 2s. 6d. net.)
SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH. By R. W. Service. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)
BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO. By R. W. Service. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE WILL AND THE WAY. By Bernard Capes. (Murray: 2s. 6d. net.)
THE MOTOR ROUTE OF FRANCE. By Gordon Home. (A. and C. Black: 5s. net.)
MISS ARBUTHNOT. By "Hauren." (Long: 6s.)
A GIRL OF TO-DAY. By L. T. Meade. (Long: 6s.)
SWORD OF THE CROWNS. By the Countess of Cromartie. (Elkin, Mathews: 7s. 6d.)
RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS. By Isabella F. Mayo. (Murray: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE ROD OF JUSTICE. By Alice and Claude Askew. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

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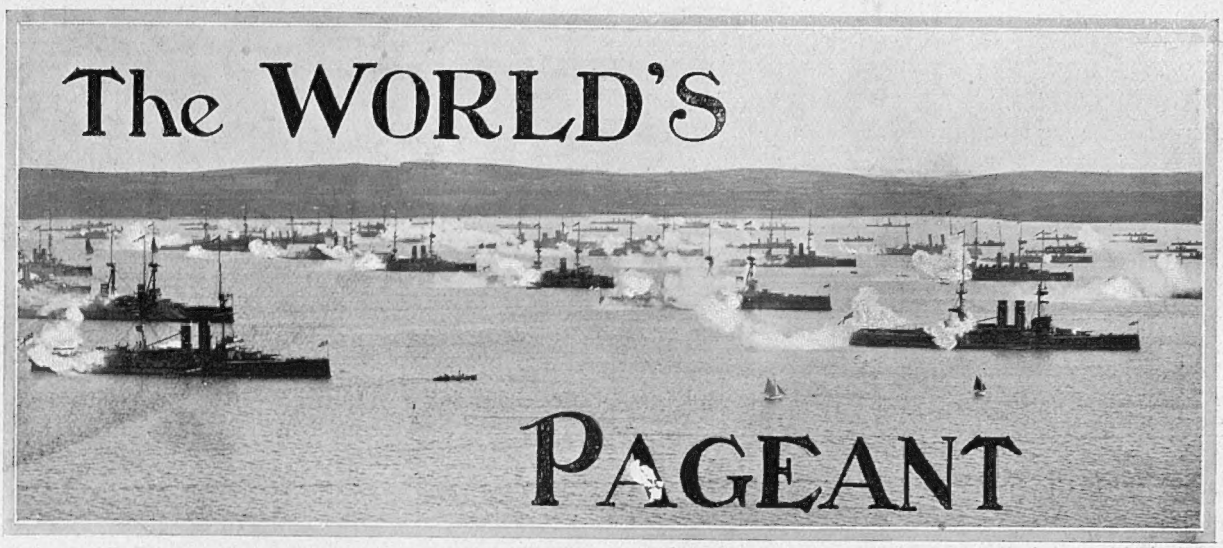
The WORLD'S PAGEANT



"The Thunder of the Far-Flung Battle Line."—KIPLING

Battleships salute the Royal Yacht's arrival at Torbay. Some idea of the immensity of the men-of-war can be gathered from the size of the yachts and tugs in the foreground

Balmoral

THE Balmoral to which the Court adjourns this week is different indeed from that to which King Edward came in the early days of his reign. The mansion (which Queen Victoria bought from Lord Fife for £32,000) was known in the then Royal *entourage* as the Castle of Chill-on, for, despite the intense cold, little luxuries such as fires in the bedrooms, hot-water pipes in the passages, eiderdowns on the beds, or hot-water bottles in them, were absolutely unheard of. When the King first went there after his accession, the wall-papers, the tartan (designed by the Prince Consort, and of none too tasteful a pattern) on the chairs, the lighting and heating arrangements, the whole *ménage*, remained exactly as, some fifty years before, Queen Victoria had at first arranged it, while for forty years, except for an occasional necessary dusting, no one but the Queen herself ever even entered the apartments of the Prince Consort.

Bracing Braemar

The bracing air, which never suited King Edward, and sometimes nearly braced off the earth altogether the weaker of the late Queen's attendants, delighted his more hardy mother. She sometimes remained for months together in her Aberdeenshire retreat, taking every day a prolonged drive in an open carriage, and often, to the astonishment and bewilderment of her shivering subjects in the South, took tea *al fresco* at some exposed spot in the Braemar Highlands as late in the year as November. All the tartan upholstery, many plaster statues, and much of the general chilliness disappeared with the advent of King Edward, who, when he took over the reins, did his best to convert the place into a semblance at least of his lovely and eminently comfortable house in Norfolk. But even when this was done his visits there were only of the shortest duration. It is probable, however, that King George and his family will spend practically the whole of the late summer up in the North each year. His Majesty is, of course, an enthusiastic fisherman as well as a crack shot, and there is some very delectable shooting all round Deeside, while salmon and trout fishing can be had in abundance in the actual grounds of the Castle.

The King and Queen at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth

The King

The King, by the way, comes in for some candid criticism in an "appreciation" which appears in the current *McClure's*. His Majesty has, says the writer, "an almost morbid sense of duty," and the diversions and gaieties "in which King Edward indulged with so honest and human a zest appeal hardly at all to his son." He is a man "for whom the established conventions and proprieties are part of the unchallengeable order of things, and whose instincts are on the side of contraction and concentration rather than of diffusion and the adventuring quest."

His Life and Living

For King Edward's "abounding sense of life and avidity to touch it from all sides" we must not look, we are told, in his son, but he is "intensely English,

and, though he does not wish to be a cosmopolitan King, his political views are the views of all sensible people—partly Liberal and partly Tory (!)" His Majesty, indeed, is one of the keenest of politicians, delights in getting up on his own account the pros and cons of public questions, and is the kind of man who, "if he feels a personal bias to one side is especially eager to do justice to the other side." Unlike most men standing sheer in the public eye, "scandal has passed him by. He gives no opening to it whatever, and his home life is as pure, as unpretentious, as much a matter of intimate, homely joys as that of any household in the land."

Lady Dorothy Coventry

Second daughter of the Earl of Coventry, to be married to Sir Keith Fraser next week

The Early Special

The Goodwood Meeting was fairly amusing, but it was not the Goodwood of old, and there is no getting away from it. All the race meetings have suffered since King Edward died, and I do not believe they will recover at all until next year. The prospects of Doncaster are gloomy in the extreme, and I do not see a particularly rosy time in store for the autumn Newmarket meetings. But I will not anticipate. One thing, I must congratulate the railway people on giving racegoers a Pullman train to Chichester each day. It was a capital innovation, and much appreciated, though I believe it would have been more so had it started half an hour later. In these days of taxi-cabs one reaches the course in much quicker time than in the old days when flies and char-à-bancs were the only means of conveyance up the long, interminable hill that leads to the course. As it was, I arrived on the course at a quarter-past twelve, and racing did not commence until half-past one.

The Crowd and Their Clothes

The Goodwood House party, as I stated last week, was a small one, and only included Lord Cadogan, Lord Durham, Lord Derby, Lord Villiers, Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Captain and Lady Muriel Beckwith, and, naturally, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, who did the honours for her father, the Duke of Richmond. Lord Leconfield had a very cheery soldier party at Petworth Castle, the only civilian, I believe, being Mr. Arthur James. The best families who went racing attired themselves in mourning, and the general public—quite a large general public—wore blue, pink, and all the colours of the rainbow. Among the many pretty women to be seen at Goodwood I beg to be allowed, without prejudice, to mention Mrs. Chauncey, Lady Blois, Lady Barrell and her sister, Miss Porter-Porter, Mrs. Harold Pearson, Lady Milbanke, and Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox. Some wonderful tube skirts were to be seen, and one lady created a sensation by appearing in a blue bonnet, long flowing veil, and a pale blue costume that was more suited for India's torrid clime than the cold, grey, lowering skies of Sussex in July.

Tiaras or Music

I wonder if we really are going to have as much opera next year as we are threatened with. Can fashionable London really support two houses in the height of the season? I doubt it. The opera with most of the subscribers does not so much depend upon the performers as upon the audience. If the house is filled with well-known "smart" people wearing tiaras and jewels all is well. You are sure to hear the next day "what a good night it was at the opera last night. Everyone was there." Should the performance be almost faultless from a musical point of view and well put on, and the audience small and undistinguished, then one hears, "A rotten show at the opera last night, wasn't it?"

NEXT WEEK'S WEDDING

Photographs *Val D'Estrange*

Sir Keith Fraser, Bart.

Formerly a Captain in the 7th Hussars. He has served in South Africa and in Mashonaland, and once unsuccessfully contested Caithness-shire in the Conservative interest

A Hint

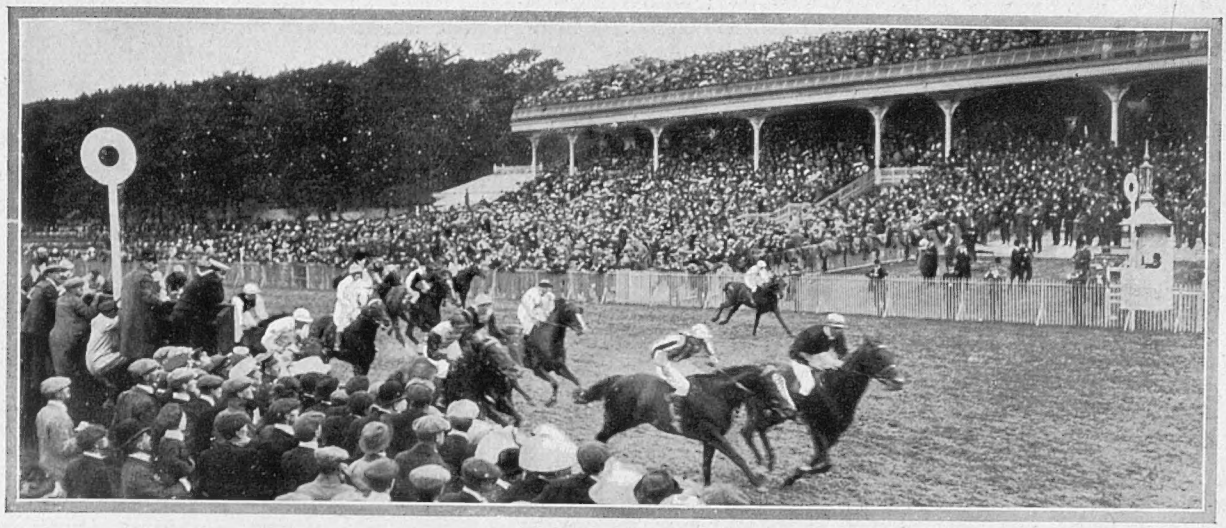
I am waiting for an impresario who will be clever enough to secure a smart audience first of all. Get them to put on their best bibs and tuckers, and then he need not trouble to raise the curtain. The audience will be quite content to look at one another, criticise tiaras and gowns, or pay calls upon each others' boxes.

The Marriage of a Bachelor

Sir Keith Fraser, who next week marries Lady Dorothy Coventry in the country, is one of those "confirmed bachelors" who are always getting married and so upsetting everyone's calculations. He, too, owns Scottish acres in plenty, a castle and a nice little house in Mayfair, and he is, like his future wife, rather more sportingly than socially inclined. Lord Coventry is, of course, a sportsman of the old school, and as Master of the Buckhounds was once arbiter of the fate of would-be aspirants to the sacred Royal Enclosure at Ascot. His youngest daughter, the Princess Dhuleep Singh, is the only aristocratic Englishwoman married to an Indian. Queen Victoria highly approved the match, and gave the Princess

A Very Homely Goodwood

BUT PLENTY OF PEOPLE AND PLENTY OF BETTING



The Finish of the Stewards' Cup

The great sprint handicap was won by Mrs. Morton-Jackson's Golden Rod (Randall up) from Mr. S. Joel's Poor Boy (Wm. Griggs up) and Mr. Fairie's Lady Vista (F. Wootton up), at the remunerative price of 20 to 1

The Hon. Mrs. Harold Pearson, daughter in-law of Lord Cowdray

Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, Hostess at Goodwood House

Lady Rosemary Portal, daughter of the second Earl Cairns

General Sir Albert Williams Mrs. Berkeley Levett Lady Noreen Bass Mrs. Hall Walker Mrs. Tennant
Mrs. Jenkinson Mrs. Featherstonhaugh Miss Jane Thornewill Hon. Mrs. Wm. Lawson Lady Wilmot

Well-known Racegoers at Goodwood

The cold, damp weather of the opening two days was hardly compensated by the sunshine of Thursday, when the lovely racecourse really did look at its best. Everyone dressed in very homely fashion. There was a total absence of any attempt to look smart—unless we cre it this praiseworthy ambition to certain well-known music-hall artists who were present. The attendances were most satisfactory, and the book-makers had some fine betting races

precedence directly after, I believe, her own daughters; but the financial affairs of the Prince have, during recent years, been several times before the Courts, and one meets the Princess now only seldom in London. Another engagement which is being much discussed in India is that of Sir George Sydenham Clarke, the widower Governor of Bombay, whose marriage to Mrs. Reynolds has been fixed for November.

Cowes

From being the deadliest of all this deadly season's deadly functions, only the weather can save the Solent Week, and the weather as I write is, well, perhaps I had better not write it. Yacht-racing, anyway, of course, has fallen upon evil days. Ten years since and some seven good classes raced in the Solent all the summer through; this year there are only four, and they are meagre. The reasons for the decadence are as vague as they are various. The big clubs, unlike their daughter establishment at Kiel, concentrate their dying energies rather on the protection of their conservatism than the encouragement and infusion of that new blood without which all things, most of all *le sport*, must, sooner or later, disappear. And then the young blood, even when it is there, is not so hot as young blood used to be. Young men of the day find yacht-racing a pursuit too boisterous, too strenuous, altogether too exigent for their taste. They much prefer slacking and having a little something on in the Squadron garden, where the reputations are made or otherwise; and they avoid, whenever and however they can, that "salting" without which their fathers scarcely considered a yachting day complete.

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

The Late Hon. Mrs. Edmund Ffarington

Whose tragic death at Cowes, apparently due to an overdose of chloroform, has caused such a sensation. She is the daughter of Lord Wallscourt, and was staying in the Isle of Wight with her grandmother, the Dowager Countess Harrington

In Being

Out of respect for the late King, who once, by the way, declared himself "never happier than when on board a yacht," the annnal dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron, which is served in the conservatory-like look-out of the club-house, will not take place, and there is to be no firework night. But the band is to play as usual in the Castle grounds, where, what with the tea and the talk and the toilettes, it is generally very difficult indeed to get a peep at the racing, while the usual niggers, Punch and Judy shows, conjurers, and pierrots, will provide amusement for what young Eton calls the "local blighters" who, on these occasions, fill almost to overflowing the parade and the little winding High Street, along which, in days gone by, at exactly five of the clock, Queen Victoria would drive on the big days of the Regatta. Several well-known faces will be missed in Cowes this week. The late King's loss will be felt there, perhaps, more than anywhere, and there is no longer the cheery Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester to entertain at Egypt House, or Mr. Monty Guest at the Squadron Club to get up dances and make things pleasant all round.

Some Cowes Visitors

The newly wed Lord and Lady Acheson, who have bought the Duke of Somerset's *Caprice*, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, who look more alike every day, Lord and Lady Camden, Lord and Lady Normanton, Lord Ormonde, Prince and Princess Pless, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, who next week entertain a big house-party at Eaton for the polo week, Lord Leith of Fyvie, who may have the King of Spain up North with him later on, Lord Anglesey, on the American *Margarita*, and Lord Winterstoke are among those who have their yachts in the Roads, while Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring are, as usual, at Nubia House, Prince and Princess Liechtenstein at Upper Holmwood, Baroness de Forest and Lady Cowley at Wootton, Lady Dorchester at Hamlet Lodge, Mr. and Mrs. Coats, whose party includes Lord and Lady Douro and the Duke of Wellington, at Cliffside, Lady Cardigan, as usual, at Rosetta, and Viscountess Gort and her husband at East Cowes Castle, where there is sometimes a garden-party during the week, and where, it will be remembered, one of the wealthiest of the several wealthy Lady Gorts who rejoiced in the name of Tudor once put the Royal Arms of the Tudors over her Castle gates, and was at once ordered to remove them—immediately—by Queen Victoria.

The Marriage Market

With but one exception everything, sport, spirits, Society, the barometer, the crops, even rubber, has been "down" of late. In only one department of the social scheme—the marriage market—has business at any time proved to be brisk. "It's a wet day,

The Newest Peeress

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE COUNTESS OF CARNWATH

Formerly Miss Maude Maitland Savile, who was quietly married to the Earl of Carnwath on the 23rd ult. at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square

let's get married!" would seem to have been the catchword of the season. No fewer than four American heiresses have taken European husbands to their hearths and incomes; peers' sons and peers themselves galore have been simply rushing into matrimony, and the fashionable marriage-churches have, I am told, been positively *coining* money, the rates, during the boom, having gone up so enormously that now one is lucky if one manages to get the knot securely (and smartly) tied under, say, fifty guineas or so.

The Premier's Daughter-in-Law

Last week's wedding, that of Mr. Herbert Asquith, eldest son of the Prime Minister, and Miss Cynthia Charteris, eldest daughter of Lord Elcho, was quite the prettiest of the lot. The new Mrs. Asquith is of a very interesting type, and, as became the daughter and the daughter-in-law-to-be of a Soul, and the wife of a Radical, had a most elaborate and artistic wedding. Her sixteen attendants, in which politics, Debrett, and the stage were well commingled, were dreams of classic white and gold, the two boy pages were heralds in gladiola red, with gold silk hosen and shoon to match, and the bride herself, in antique white and silver brocade, looked a beautiful Beatrice—as Dante saw her! The bride's grandfather, Lord Wemyss, lent one of his half-dozen castles in Scotland for the honeymoon, and the list of presents made a column of highly interesting Radical reading in the *Times*.

The Bishop of London Presenting the Prizes at the Public Schools Sports at Stamford Bridge

The Bishop made an inspiring speech, in the course of which he said that he made a point of visiting at least six Public Schools every year

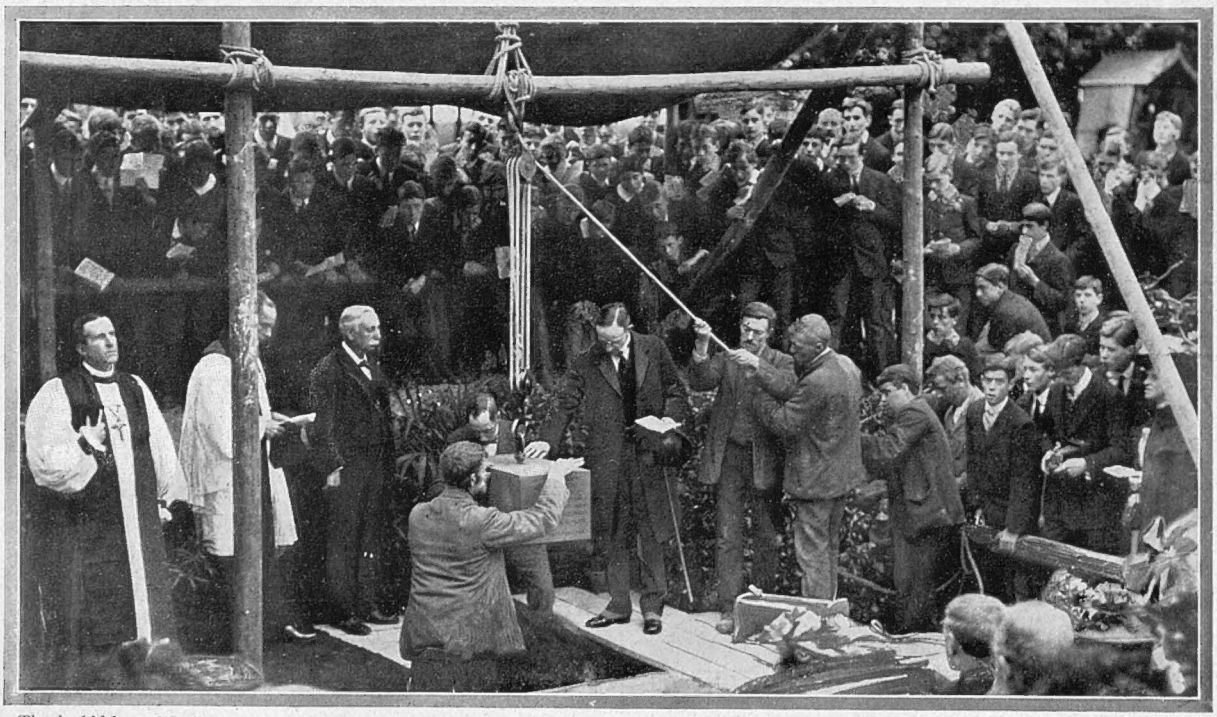
Long Vacation

The inter-school matches at Lord's, the Public Schools sports, and other signs remind us that the Public Schools are breaking-up. The boys will be home again and very much about town, and the conversation at dinner will decidedly have to take a more rigorous tone. We shall be expected to be able to discuss glibly all the athletic feats of the year, and promises will be extracted from us to take sons and nephews very much mentally alert to all the haunts of the strenuous life. The boys, it is safe to prophesy, will all vote for the aviation meetings as an absolutely necessary treat. Really, we must polish up our knowledge of the flying machine and its jockeys. I don't know if the boys will allow us time to go on wondering about the matters in the next paragraph, but I refer to them more as a melancholy duty than anything else.

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering if they were really unobserved at Goodwood. They are wondering if she thought she was not seen at the opera last Monday. They are wondering why she always buries her head in the curtains of the opera-box. They are wondering why she refused to go to Cowes this year. They are wondering why the masked garden-party will not take place. They are wondering if the Princess really ran away from it last year. They are wondering at the story of the suppressed photograph.

Provost Canon Southwell



The Archbishop of York Lord Salisbury

The Marquis of Salisbury Laying the Foundation-Stone of the New Block to Complete the Upper Quadrangle at Lancing College

A feature of the gathering was a commemoration service in the striking crypt chapel, at which the Archbishop of York preached an eloquent sermon

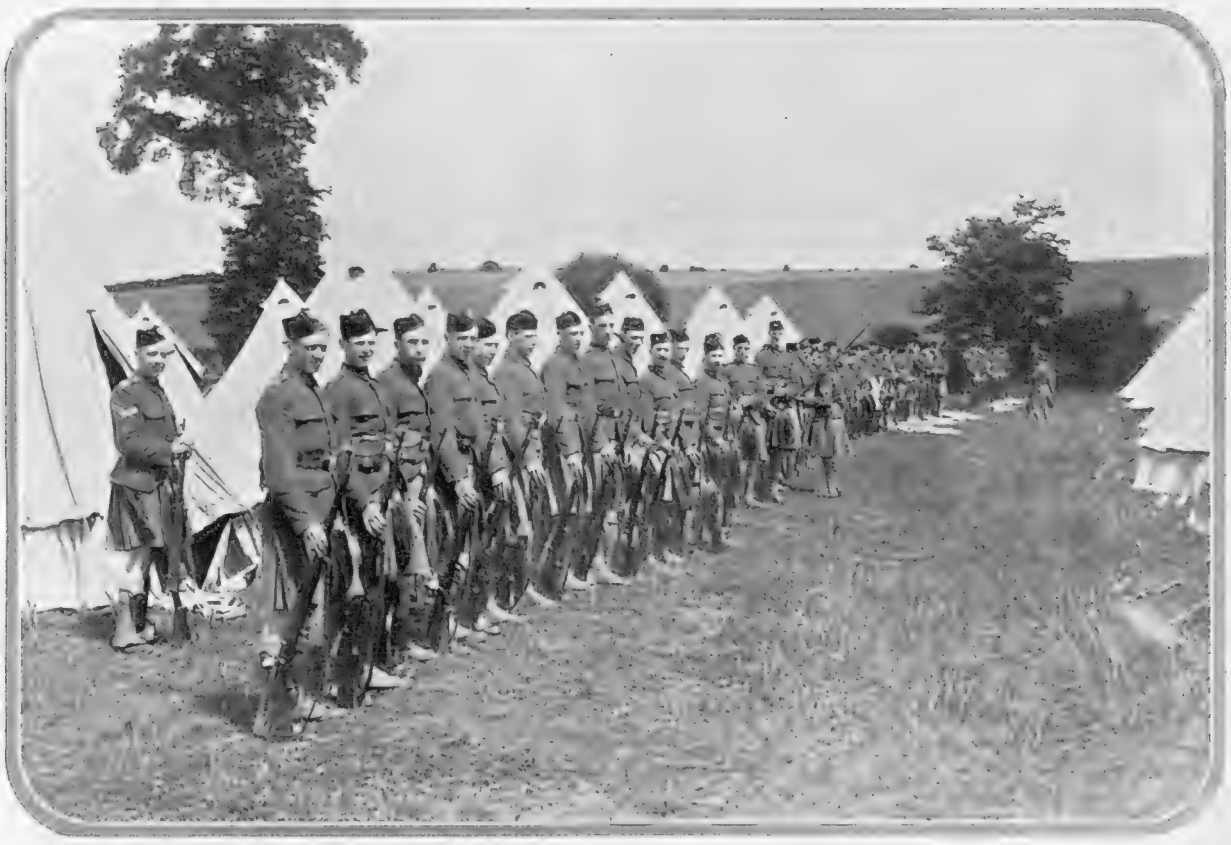
Manœuvres High and Low at Home and Abroad

Photographs *Underwood*

MANŒUVRING ON THE PEAKS: ITALIAN MILITARY OPERATIONS IN THE ALPS

Leaving a Hut of the Italian Alpine Club, Guide Leading — Halting at the Hut at the Foot of the Col du Geant

The particular branch of military training pursued by these Italian soldiers cannot be indulged in by our Territorials, who would probably readily exchange their mud camps for a little mountaineering thousands of feet above sea level



MANŒUVRING ON THE PLAIN: "C" COMPANY, LONDON SCOTTISH, PARADE IN THE LINES

This is the camp and manœuvre season both at home and abroad. The lot of the Territorials at home has been anything but happy. Torrents of rain have swept their canvas cities, and our citizen soldiers have had considerable difficulty in keeping themselves dry. The attendance in camp is not so good as was expected. That is probably due to the fact that the battalions have on previous occasions been called upon to attend camp a week before the August Bank Holiday. The Duke of Connaught may pay a visit to Salisbury Plain this week

A Political Puzzle

However did Mr. Birrell become a politician? I ask the question in no derogatory sense. I am grateful indeed that Mr. Birrell is in the Ministry. But I have always believed that it was impossible for a man with a sense of humour to take an active part in party politics. What agony this man has endured in his association with red-hot Radicals and the limpest of Liberals he will perhaps one day tell us. And the world will hold its sides with laughter.

The Moods of Birrell

Birrell is an artist, pictorial and vocal. His writings are in the gracious, kindly, humorous vein. There is something of Austin Dobson in him, more of Charles Lamb, and a considerable jealousy of E. V. Lucas. With Walkley he would leave Aristotle in, but he has the grand old Irish capacity to laugh at Shaw. He probably blinks blandly at Strauss, approves of Mozart, and is human enough to rub his spectacles and laugh when the street organ plays a popular ditty.

The Warriors Dine

Last week he made a speech at Prince's Restaurant to the reverend members of the Eighty Club, that eclectic conglomeration of Nonconformists and Agnostic Social Reformers. To them he quoted the Prophet Isaiah, and congratulated them on the fact that their swords, the mighty two-handled scythes of Sir Thomas Whittaker and Mr. Clement Shorter for instance, were momentarily sheathed in the Veto conflict. Into the savage warriors before him he inculcated the belief that they had been merciful in their might, and that the members of the House of Lords, if only out of gratitude for a few weeks' leave of absence on parole, would yield their necks to the axe in due course crying benedictions on their executioners.

The Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P.

Who was the guest of the Eighty Club Banquet last week, and delivered an important political speech

(Sketched in the House of Commons by H. M. Bateman)

Talked to Surrender

It may well be so. Talk loudly to a patient, tell him in strident tones, with a few quotations from Holy Writ, that he must die on a fortnight come next Wednesday, and the odds are that he will die just to get rid of you. The Liberals are talking the Lords to death. There is many a peer who loves Brutus much but Cæsar more — that is to say, prefers life to his privileges as an hereditary legislator. Many a Tory lord is getting so sick and ill at the constant noisy abuse levelled at him that, for his peace's sake, he would be willing to give the Lib-Labs their way.

The Peeresses' Gallery

I am told that on occasions likely to be exciting the daughters of peeresses are no longer, by order of the Lord Great Chamberlain, to be privileged to gaze from the Peeresses' Gallery into the tank-like depths of the Gilded Chamber beneath. Just recently, on Budget days, for instance, so many mere daughters availed themselves of their mother's privileges in the Gallery that many peeresses were either crowded out or had to sit on the floor while young things who couldn't be said to have paid their way calmly usurped their places. This is now to be remedied, the daughters of peeresses being in future granted admission only when the debate is dull enough to ensure a convenient emptiness. I don't think the young things can really be blamed. They realise that there is just a risk of the House of Lords becoming merely a respectable debating society, and they are anxious to see any fun that may be going before that undesirable time.

An Emerald Evening in the Commons

Mr. Flurry O'Reilly, M.P. for the Knockballingrath Division of Connemara, rises to say a few words on "th' vile quistion av the co-ercion av th' tinants an the Shreelandounane istate"

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Criminals at Large

FULL DESCRIPTIONS OF GENTLEMEN WANTED BY THE POLICE AND EVERYBODY ELSE

Statesman, large, imposing, coughs impressively; missing since his last speech promising incomes to everybody. May be disguised as a Socialist. Sometimes answers to the name of "Patriot." Carries a carpet bag. Plausible; wears heavy rings and jewellery.

Theatrical Manager, aged forty-two, opened a West-End theatre, and vanished after the end of the run (three days) without paying his company. Commonly known as "Mr. Bogus," and probably pretends to be a millionaire. Wears handsome fur coat and diamond stud (both hired by the day). Brilliant whiskers. Absconded from the United States last year. Or may be dressed as a Gentleman. Usual habitat—saloon bars in the Strand, agents' offices in the neighbourhood of Bedford Street.

Statistical Expert, who proved conclusively that a gigantic "boom" in trade was approaching, is badly wanted by numbers of ruined employers and workmen. Quick at figures on either side of a question. Husky voice, a voluble speaker. Generally carries a large notebook. Addicted to reading the newspapers, and other low pursuits.

Heavyweight Wrestler, broad build, but a good deal made up with padding. Stated in his last manifesto to the Press that "he would forfeit £500 to anyone he failed to throw in a quarter of an hour," and has not been heard of since his challenge was taken up. Believed to have booked for Australia, as there are no champion wrestlers there at present. Warning.—His appearance is much less imposing than might be supposed from the posters exhibited outside variety theatres.

Arctic Explorer. Numbers of people are inquiring for this party; numerous geographical societies are anxious to meet him again. Carries various decorations from learned Associations. Has left his faithful followers, Swank-i and Yarn-o, unpaid; they are assisting the police in the search.

Outside Broker Wanted. Height, 4 ft. 6 in., large nose, greasy frock-coat, uses hair-oil. Has a habit of appropriating small articles. Has with him £30,000 of clients' money. Skilled in book-keeping by double entry. Late of Octopus House, Throgmorton Street.

Drawing-room Reciter, long hair, tragic manner, badly wanted. Inveterate habit of giving solemn recitations, imitations of well-known actors, etc., which has led to his being hunted out of his neighbourhood. Deep, rasping voice. HILL ROWAN.

PURELY TECHNICAL

Poet: "But if you say my last volume is an improvement, how can you say it still has the same grave fault as the earlier ones?"

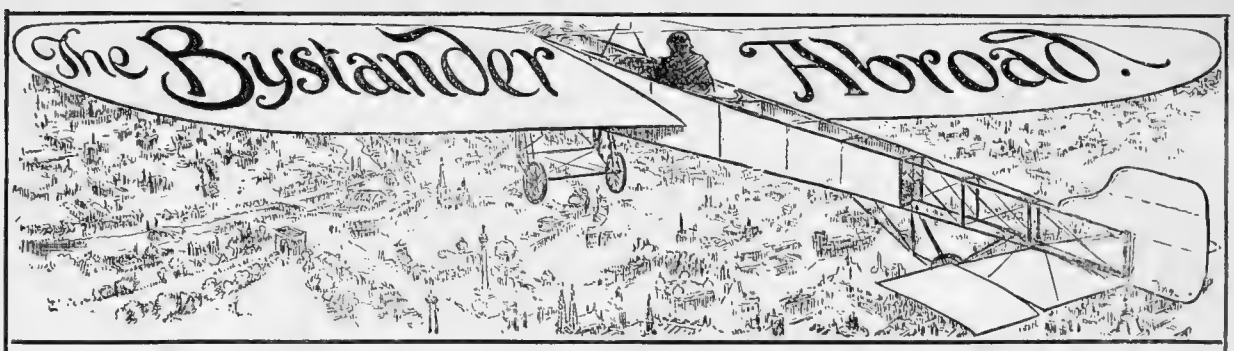
Critic: "Covers too far apart, my son"

BY HOPE READ

Not Precisely What He Meant

President of the Overworked Employees Union: "Ah! my good girl, and what time do they close here?"
Assistant: "Well, we're supposed to close at eight; but if you're keen, I can get away earlier"

BY PHILIP BAYNES



The Socialist Danger in Spain: What Should be the British Attitude?

The Spanish Socialists

The Spanish crisis is one that will be watched with anxious eyes by every Britisher with a love of Constitution and a hatred of Socialism. Attempts have been made to over-paint the religious aspect of the trouble. It is not so much a war between Catholicism and Atheism as between Constitutionalism and Socialism. The Spanish Socialists, who are the most expert Press-manipulators in the world, have quite persuaded the journalists of other countries that it is the wicked Pope, and the even wickeder Jesuits, who are at the bottom of the trouble, and in the most monarchical countries pronounced sympathy has been shown in the official Press for the revolutionaries, who are, of course, Socialists of a calibre besides whom our own Mr. Keir Hardie is the mildest lamb imaginable. The absurdity of identifying Señor Maura's policy with Papal influence is apparent to all acquainted with the character of the present ruler at the Vatican, one of the most pious, simple, peace-loving prelates that ever lived, and with less idea of interfering in European diplomacy than the mildest *curé* of France. Maura may have the Papal sympathy, but then, surely, as a loyal servant of his King and his country's Constitution, he has the sympathy of every monarch in the world.

Russia's Theatrical Sensation of the Hour

Mr. N. G. Salin, who plays the part of Ptolemy in *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which is being produced with enormous success simultaneously in Moscow and St. Petersburg

"President of Spain!"

Spain is a country with a glorious past. There is no reason why she should not have a glorious future. She has splendid mineral resources, a fine sea-board, is placed geographically in a better position for trade, both westwards and eastwards, than any other Power. But that glorious future cannot be attained by adopting the principles of Socialism. Socialism triumphant in Spain would mean a constant internecine war. The present mixed forces in Spain that have been collected under a "Down with Popery" banner have been at each other's throats before now, and if they attain their ends will fight each other again. One need not be a Catholic to hope that Spain will be spared from such a ghastly fate. The land of poetry and romance must not be governed by a mob of half-educated "comrades," though some of our journalistic colleagues who hailed the accession of an English Queen to the throne of that fair land would presumably rejoice at such an event, if only to satisfy their amazing detestation of everything that smacks of Catholicism.

National Religions

There is a very foolish notion abroad in some circles that a country may be handicapped, favourably or unfavourably, by the religion the majority of its inhabitants profess. There are people to-day who actually imagine that the overthrow of the Church in Spain would benefit the nation's commercial interests. They forget that when Spain was queen of the then known world she was more Catholic than she is to-day. They would ascribe Great Britain's supremacy to her Protestantism, and probably in the same breath declare that Japan had progressed in spite of her "heathen" religion. Commercial glories are no credit to the religion of the peoples who gain them. If England be England because she is Protestant, if America be America because her national religions are assorted, if Spain be Spain because she is Catholic—and every one of these premises I wholeheartedly dispute—then I would remind our smug friends, with no respect for any religion but their own, that on the roll of righteousness the name of Lazurus stands higher than that of Dives, and no professing Christian can consistently deny that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his soul.

King Edward's Advice

Roosevelt tried to teach England how to govern Egypt. That was impudent. Certain Englishmen are now trying to persuade Spain to surrender to the Barcelona revolutionaries because they abhor the Catholic religion. It is beneath contempt. It is un-English. Let us mind our own business, as we have done in the past. King Alfonso asked King Edward's advice as to the execution or pardon of Ferrer. All the world knows King Edward's answer, "Do what your people want." Ferrer died, and the sequel has proved King Alfonso to be right. There is no alternative to Catholicism in Spain but Socialism and a very decadent form of Freemasonry.

The Kaiser on the Fjords

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ON HIS HOLIDAY SURROUNDED BY ARTISTS

The German Emperor ag in this year has been spending his holiday in touring Norway, and our photograph was taken at Waagsnoes, on the Sogne Fjord. With His Majesty may be seen the Painter, M. Hans Dahl; Professor Unger, the German Sculptor; and the Marine Painter, Professor Stoewer. Professor Unger has been commissioned to model a statue representing the legendary hero of Norway, Fridtjof the Bold, which His Majesty is presenting, in remembrance of his many visits, to the Norwegian people. It will be placed at Framnes, a conspicuous point in the Sogne Fjord

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

EVERYBODY seems agreed that the season of 1910 has been a failure. There have been a few small dances, and quite a number of large Suffragette meetings. But nothing really historic.

* * *

POLITICS, of course, have been singularly dull. It is true that the brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer got married a few days ago, and Mrs. Lloyd George denounced tea-drinking. Of real progress there has been little or none.

* * *

THERE can be no doubt that the secrecy observed by the members of the Conference has come as a painful shock to many. Naturally, we all hoped the proceedings would be secret, and wished the Conference well. Only there can be too much of a good thing; and if the Conference is to retain the good wishes of the country, some leakage is essential.

* * *

WHAT little excitement there has been of late must be credited to Dr. Crippen, who seems to have divided the public into two sections: (1) Those who have spotted him in spite of his disguises; (2) those who on being spotted have had to explain that they were not, as a matter of fact, the Doctor.

* * *

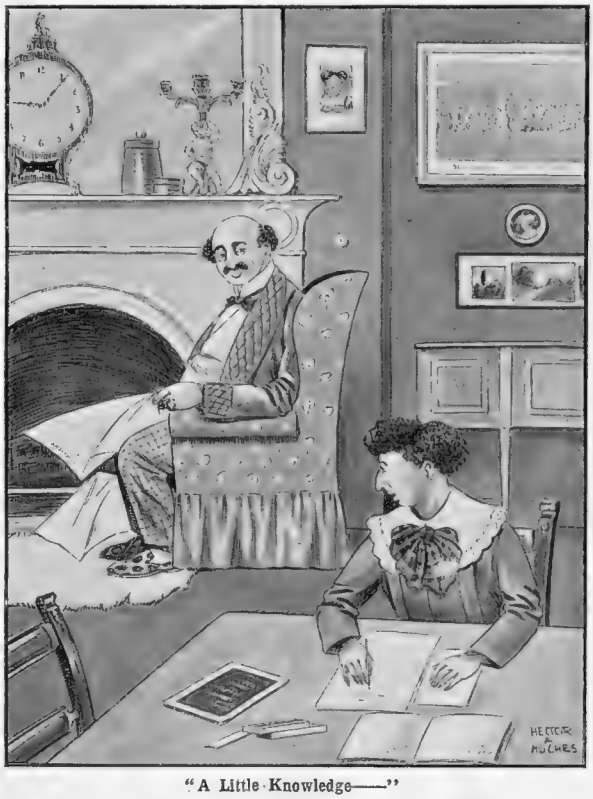
THE unpleasant use to which cellars can be turned had the effect of causing a good many householders to give their attentions to flats instead of houses. Then there was the "flat crime"—to show the unwisdom of hasty conclusions.

* * *

IF this sort of thing goes on, we shall all have to take to caravans. Then where would the rates come from?

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL'S proposal for occasional concerts in our prisons is an excellent one; and it seems a pity that a good many amateur musicians could not, in return for their services, be assigned permanent quarters in some of the gaols.



"A Little Knowledge——"

MR. GOLDSTEIN: "Twice seven and thixpence, Morris?"
MORRIS *(engaged with his lessons)*: "Thixteen shillings"
MR. GOLDSTEIN: "No, my boy, fifteen"
MORRIS: "Oh, yes; but I knew you would knock me down a shilling"

BY HECTOR A. HUGHES

NOW that bread is sixpence a loaf, there is pretty sure to be an increased demand in some quarters for a meat diet. It would be as well, therefore, as Lady Decies has been pointing out in the papers, for people going on their holidays to remember that cats can be safely boarded out at a home in Hammersmith.

* * *

SPEAKING of meat diets, why is it, when pork is becoming dearer and dearer, and dog-flesh is not appreciated in this country, that people do not begin to make pets of pigs instead of dogs? The pig is a very intelligent animal, and does not require a licence. Why not a watch-hog for protection against burglars?

* * *

THE report that Turkey was to join the Triple Alliance seems to have been without foundation. One felt at the time that the Turks were strong enough, even without the help of the German Army, to repel any force that the Cretans were likely to send against them.

* * *

GERMANY, by the way, is rigorously expelling its Mormon inhabitants. The theory seems to be that men several times married are less easily attracted to Conscription than are the monogamists. There are widows' pensions, too, to think of.

* * *

ON the other hand, the Mormon conscript ought, while on service, distinctly to augment the revenue of the German Post Office. Unless a single postcard, once a week, to say how he is getting on, would serve for all at home.

* * *

OWING to the drought in Canada the wheat crop is failing, and farmers out there are beginning to realise the truth of the old English adage, "The smaller the crop, the bigger the cropper."

* * *

SO successful has Mr. Glen-Curtiss been in dropping bombs from his aeroplane upon targets placed ready for him that American officials have declared that every country in the world will have to possess an aerial fleet within five years. Meanwhile, we can be looking forward to an aerial Bisley.

The Parvenu's Progress

3. HE HAS A FEW PORTRAITS PAINTED OF HIS ALLEGED ANCESTORS, BUT IS NEVER SURE IF THEY ARE QUITE A SUCCESS

BY H. M. BATEMAN

PARIS SHOWS et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

Photograph *Bert*

Mlle. Regina Badet

The famous French dancer, who is coming to the Palace Theatre on August 8

Concerning the Occult

THE coffee and liqueurs were on the table. "There are no Paris shows worth talking about in August," Vernon said. "But there are *autres choses, mon ami,*" said the little Vicomte de Champfleury. "There is, for instance, the extraordinary prediction of——" We all shouted to stop him. For the little Vicomte de Champfleury has a monomania for occult science which is sometimes a nuisance to his friends. "Why isn't de l'Esqury here this evening?" somebody asked. "I will tell you," said the Vicomte. And there was something in his voice that made us silent. "Yes, I will tell you, and this time I fancy you will listen.

A Black Consulting Room

"De l'Esqury is like—I mean was like—most of you here. The occult did not interest him. He thought it nonsense. But, as you know, de l'Esqury was on the staff of the *Figaro,* and it happened yesterday that he was sent to interview Madame de X, the palmist." "*Was* on the *Figaro,* but——?" "Please let me finish," said Champfleury. "De l'Esqury went to interview Madame de X upon the weather. He was to ask her to predict how long the storms and bad weather would last, and was to write a humorous article about the interview. You don't know Madame de X, of course, you others, except from seeing her name in the papers, so I will describe her flat to you. She lives in a little flat in a street leading out of the Champs Elysées. The flat has only one peculiarity. It is entirely black." "Dark?" somebody asked. "No. Black. It has black silk hangings on the walls, even the ceilings are covered in with black silk, there are black curtains to all the rooms, the furniture is ebony, and Madame de X is ebony and ivory. She is a woman of about thirty, tall, slim, with jet black hair, dark brown eyes, and a glowing ivory complexion without a tinge of colour in it. She dresses in black always, and she will not receive a client dressed in colour unless he or she consents to wear a black cloak. In this way her mind remains undisturbed, her eyes are concentrated on her visitor's face and hands, and her extraordinary gifts get full play. I will tell you what happened when de l'Esqury called on her in what I can remember of her own words. She told me of his visit this morning."

The Palmist's Story

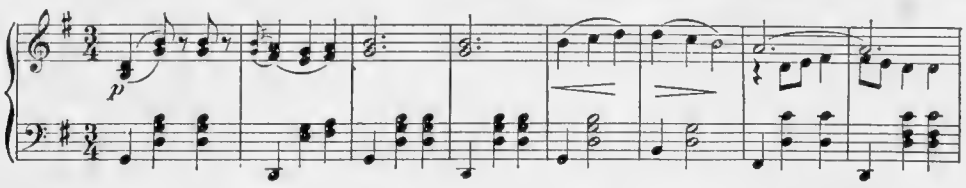
There was something uncanny about the little Vicomte. He was usually something of a butt to us all, but to-night we sat in a tense silence. "De l'Esqury," said the Vicomte, "smiled as he put the cloak on, sat down, and began to talk to Madame de X, and asked her questions about the weather. 'I knew,' she said to me this morning, 'that he was thinking out a humorous article for his paper as he listened to me. But something which I could not explain interested me deeply in him. "I should like," I said, when we had finished with the weather, "I should like to examine your hands." "With pleasure, Madame," was his answer. I told him his story from the days of his boyhood in Brittany to the loss of his fortune, five years ago, and his engagement on the *Figaro.* I told him his character; I told him a good deal about his present mode of life. I only succeeded, I fear, in amusing him. "This is all very clever, Madame," he said, "but it is not very difficult to get information about the Château de l'Esqury, and I have several friends in Paris who have known me from a child, and whom you very possibly may know. They could easily have given you your information. As for my present life, there is nothing at all secret in that, though I admit you have described it well. As for my character, *mon Dieu!* a chat with one who does not like me and a little charity, a conversation with a friend and some allowance for his friendship, and you have my character, or that of any man about Paris. No, Madame," said the young man, "read me my future in these hands of mine, and then, perhaps, you may convert me."

The Future of de l'Esqury

"'I took his hands again and looked at them. "I cannot," I replied. "I thought you ladies were infallible," Monsieur de l'Esqury said. This annoyed me. You know my room, and you know how, when I have a difficult hand to read, I turn out all lights except the one shaded light over my little table, on which the visitor's hands are laid. You know the effect. Absolute darkness except on the two hands on the table and on my own as I touch them. I turned out all lights but the one on the table, and examined his hands with every scrap of nervous force and concentration in me. I saw the past again. I saw the present. But I could see no future. I looked and looked again. I used the magnifying glass—I could see nothing. There *was* nothing. And when Monsieur de l'Esqury left me, I remember wondering whether his article in to-day's *Figaro* would ruin my reputation. But there was no article in to-day's *Figaro.* Monsieur de l'Esqury bade me farewell laughingly. "I will not say *au revoir,* Madame," he said. "I am a hopeless unbeliever." I stood at my window and watched him as he walked out of the house and out across the Champs Elysées. A motor-car came down the road on the wrong side. Monsieur de l'Esqury's hands had told their story.'"

The Maker of a Passing Madness

THE COMPOSER OF THE "DOLLAR PRINCESS"—HERR LEO FALL

Camera Picture *Hoppé*

The waltz theme of the "Dollar Princess," a taking tune which London likes to hear while it eats. Herr Fall, the composer, whose portrait we give, was also responsible for the music to "The Merry Peasant" and "The Girl in the Train," the enormously successful play now running at the Vaudeville Theatre

London Nights Entertainments

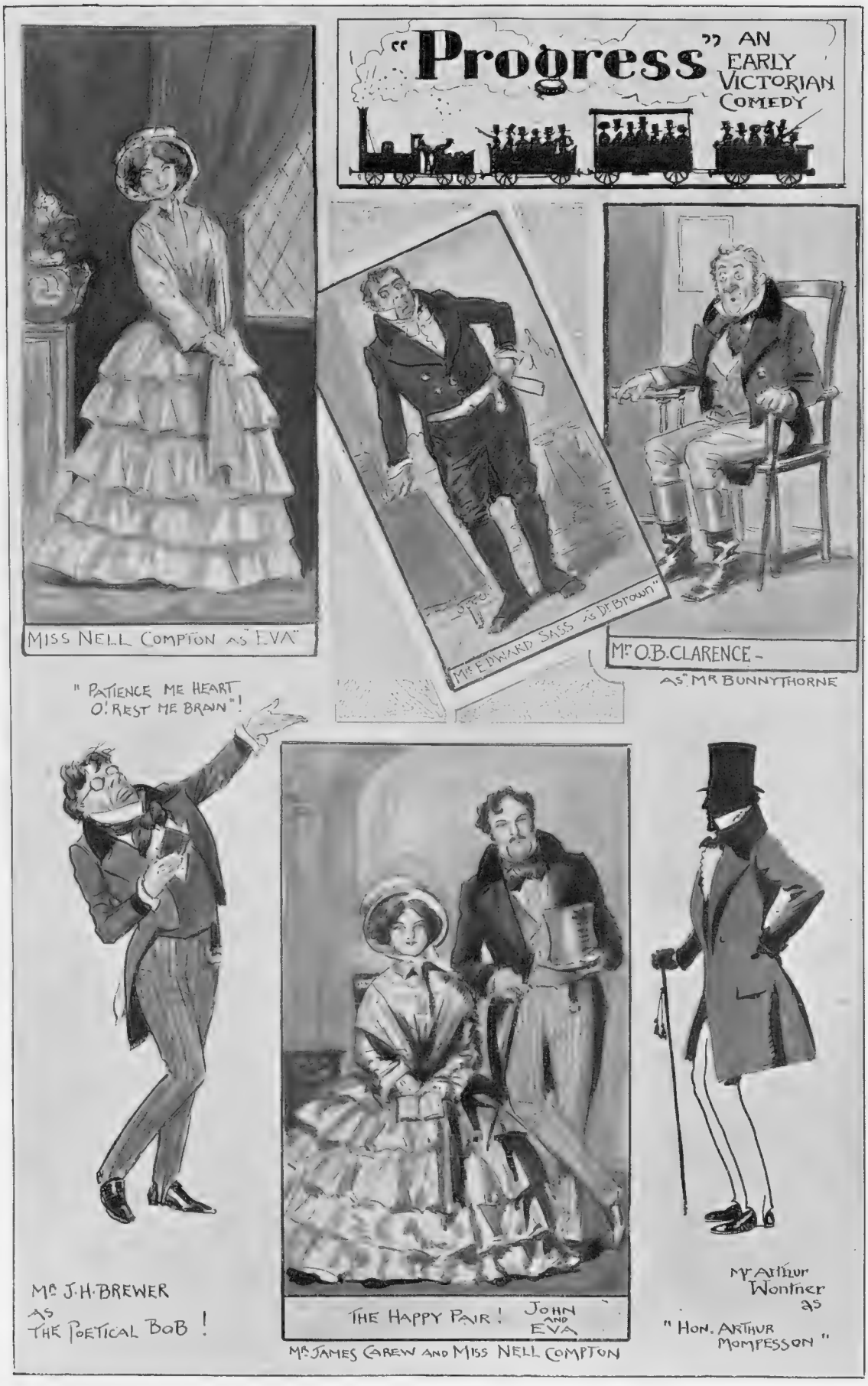
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE ROBERTSON COMEDIES AT THE CORONET THEATRE

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR has spared no pains to produce the comedies of the late T. W. Robertson in a manner worthy of their great reputation. Whether in this "rapid" age these comedies will continue to delight the average theatre-goer is probably open to question. We are not given nowadays to feeding our emotions moderately; and gentle humour and homely sentiment have given place on the one hand to the "one long shriek of laughter," and on the other hand to the "convulsive sobs of the ladies in the pit." The chief merit of the Robertsonian comedies is the excellence of their stagecraft and the atmosphere of sunshine that pervades them all; and then, too, they had the advantage of being presented by such players as the Bancrofts and the Kendals, who were, to say the least, extremely fashionable. The cleverly written play that does not urge the emotions to extremes in either direction seems to be losing its favour among a public accustomed to be fed on sensation, and for all I know to the contrary, the public may be right. Even if the public should be wrong, I shall continue to take my meals regularly and to sleep soundly o' nights.

I WENT recently to see the revival of *Progress*, which was first produced at the old Globe Theatre in 1869. A note on the present programme informs us that *Progress* was considered one of the finest plays of that season, from which we can only infer that the dearth of good drama is not necessarily a grievance of recent date. For *Progress* is certainly not one of Robertson's best plays. It is far too mechanical in construction. The low-comedy and the pathos follow each other round in regular procession; and yet never succeed in being really convincing. Perhaps this is due to the fact that *Progress* was one of the last plays which the dramatist wrote. It is a popular delusion that the work of an author improves as he advances in his profession; but I think it is nearer the truth to urge that nothing is more detrimental to excellence of authorship than early success. Very few of the "famous" dramatists of even ten years ago are represented on the London stage to-day; and when one or other of them makes an evanescent appearance here or there, the critics meet and sigh and shake their heads, and the piece is withdrawn after a few performances in favour of *East Lynne* or some very modern masterpiece, like "The Girl Whose Mother Ought to Know About It."

PROGRESS has an interest of its own by reason of the fact that Mr. Arthur has "dressed" the production in the costumes of the Early Victorian period. The other plays are "dressed" in the costume of to-day, since in their sentiment they are more or less like the work of another dramatist, "not for an age, but for all time." But this particular play is built round the protests of very conservative county families against the invasion of the steam-engine; and the costume of the period is necessary as a perpetual reminder of the dark ages in which the objectors lived. You could hardly expect a man in a bearskin coat and motor goggles to protest with anything like sincerity that there are no means of transit superior to the old stage-coach. We need the cut-away coat and the "smalls" to keep before our minds all the time the fact that people did once live who wrote to the *Times* to ridicule the suggestion that this new-fangled steam concern could ever expect to carry out its fanciful programme of moving at the rate of—twenty miles an hour! Especially in these times, when we hesitate about buying a new motor-car, lest in another year the aeroplane shall have put mere earth-bound traffic hopelessly out of date.

A GOOD deal of the plot of *Progress* is concerned with the trouble stirred up by one John Ferne, a railway engineer, who calmly proposes to run a branch line across the country so that it will cut through the ancestral domain of an aged nobleman. This engineer was most admirably represented by Mr. James Carew, who, in a little speech he had to make on the determined attitude of the pioneer of progress, moved a somewhat undemonstrative audience to an enthusiastic storm of applause by the excellence of his delivery. Another very successful appearance was made by Mr. Arthur Wontner as the son and heir of the lordly landowner, who shares his father's disrespect for mechanical invention. Mr. Wontner gave a nice dignity to the character, not only when he was protesting against the outrage that threatened his family, but also when, after a journey to London in one of the hated railway trains, he announced with a fine inconsistency that the stage-coach was not to be compared with the first-class carriage for comfort and speed. His easy and natural manner heightened the humour

SKETCHED AT THE CORONET THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

of the situation without exaggerating it in the least, and he really did look handsome in his Early Victorian military whiskers. Two young ladies behind me called each other's attention to the fact at intervals all through the evening.

MISS NELL COMPTON had a very difficult part to play as Eva Summers, especially as that kind of part is now more out of date than the stage-coach itself. To this extent *Progress* is, as it were, hoist with its own petard. The superseding of the mail-coach by the locomotive is a trifle to the progress (at least, I think that is what they call it) that has of late years been made in the realms of hygiene. Eva Summers is a young lady who, for love of the intrusive engineer, John Ferne, falls ill; and from remarks dropped by the doctor it would seem a fair conclusion that she was in the early stage of some pulmonary disorder. In these days of progress (that is the term used, I feel sure) we cannot sympathise with the love affairs of a sickly heroine whose marriage can only result in the transmission of consumptive tendencies to her progeny. All the eugenic preceptors of our time would rise as one man (and several women) to call high heaven to witness that this was clearly a case for the sterilisation of the unfit. Quite apart from that, there is a lack of romance and poetry about a young lady who can move across a room only with the help of the doctor's arm. The modern heroine who is destined to become the hero's bride must be as healthy and as jolly as possible, since we cannot conscientiously encourage the hero by our cheers and applause to go on courting a lady whom he will presently have to wheel about in a bath-chair. Still, Miss Compton handled her difficult part with great skill, and was so far successful that she managed to interest us quite keenly in the development of her young and untried affections.

Sketched at the Coronet Theatre by Norman Morrow

MISS ANNIE BRUNTON did very well as Miss Myrnie, the poor relation who wonders why the son of the house does not see in her a suitable mate for his future home. As, however, she admits that she is forty, and as we can see for ourselves that she is a really spiteful person, the neglect of destiny to supply her with a husband does not surprise us. Miss Brunton was able to see the humorous side of her part very clearly, and the little meannesses of the character were presented with a lightness of touch that robbed them of their sting. Indeed, it is typical of all these plays that the unsympathetic characters are treated in such a gentle way as to make us sorry for them rather than angry with them.

THE humorous department of the play brought prominently before us two very accomplished comedians. One was Mr. O. B. Clarence as an elderly contractor with money and a dissolute son. The contractor does not wholly share the aristocratic prejudice against popular innovations because he has been able to employ them to his profit; and as we mere worldlings know, money, in possession or prospect, will sometimes change a man's philosophy altogether. If, for instance, the Government were to say to me to-morrow—but, stay! It is rude to talk shop in company. I am sorry. The contractor's son is a young man given to poetry and the meretricious allurements of strong drink, and it is not easy to say which offence his father most condemns in him. Indeed, I thought I could hear the voice of the kindred spirit when the old gentleman pointed, with a certain degree of pride, to the traces of dissipation on his son's features as evidence of the richness of the family blood! This unhappy, but extremely amusing, young man was represented by Mr. J. H. Brewer (*absit omen!*), who seems to me to have acted his part with quite unusual skill, considering that the humour of it belonged to a bygone age. During the present week Mr. Robert Arthur is reviving *Caste*, which is, perhaps, one of the best-known and certainly one of the most successful of the Robertsonian comedies, and the powerful company engaged for the representation should be a sufficient guarantee of crowded houses.

THE EMPIRE THEATRE

THE new ballet, "The Dancing Master," at the Empire, adds another to the long list of successes in the record of this house. Mlle. Lydia Kyasht is, of course, the *première danseuse*, and it is very pleasant to find her high position in her profession still secure, even after the recent invasion on so large a scale of other Russian ladies who also are experts in the tip-toe industry. Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Beatrice Collier are again seen at their best, and everything points to a further triumph for the management of this now historical place of amusement.

JINGLE.

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MR. LEWIS WALLER: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

(Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, and Mr. H. B. Irving, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, may be obtained from the Publisher)

WHEN WO

THE ELEVEN GENTLEMEN AND ONE LADY, HAVING FAILED TO REA

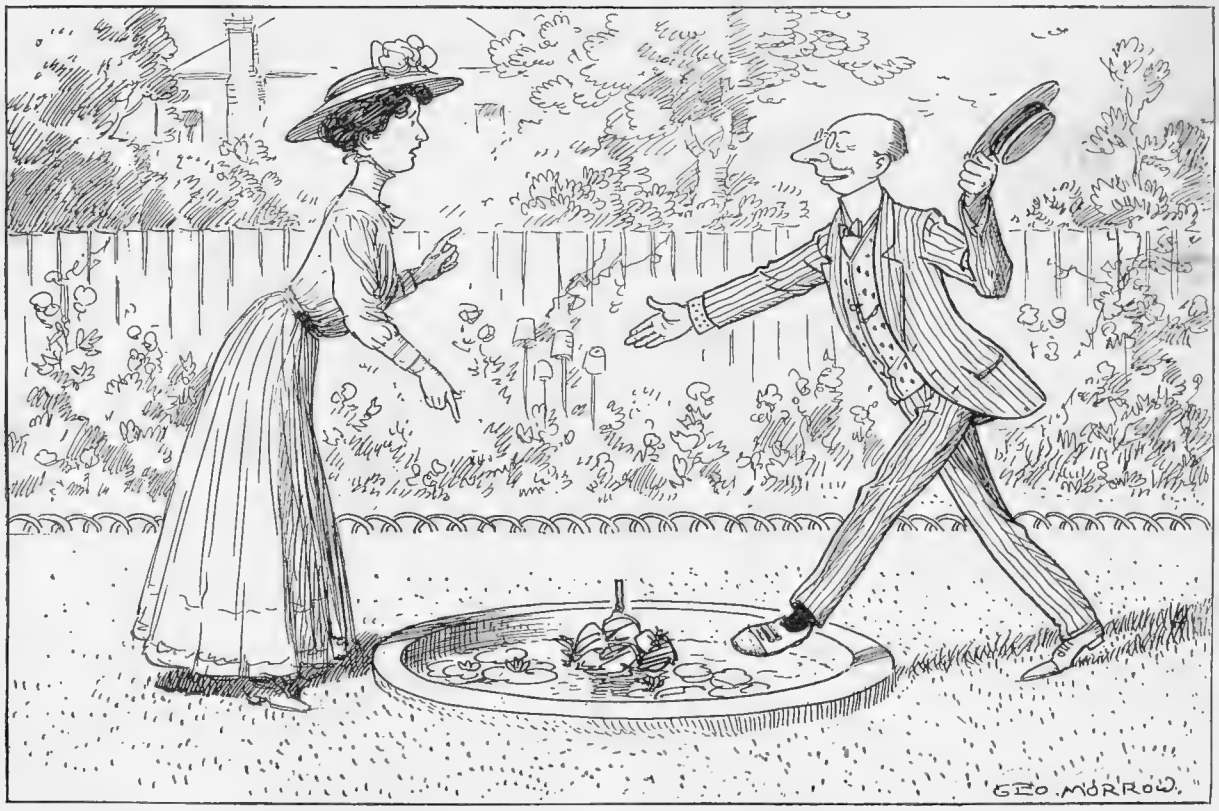
MEN VOTE

ACH A VERDICT, ARE TO PASS THE NIGHT IN THE JURORS' ROOM

The Moods of George Morrow

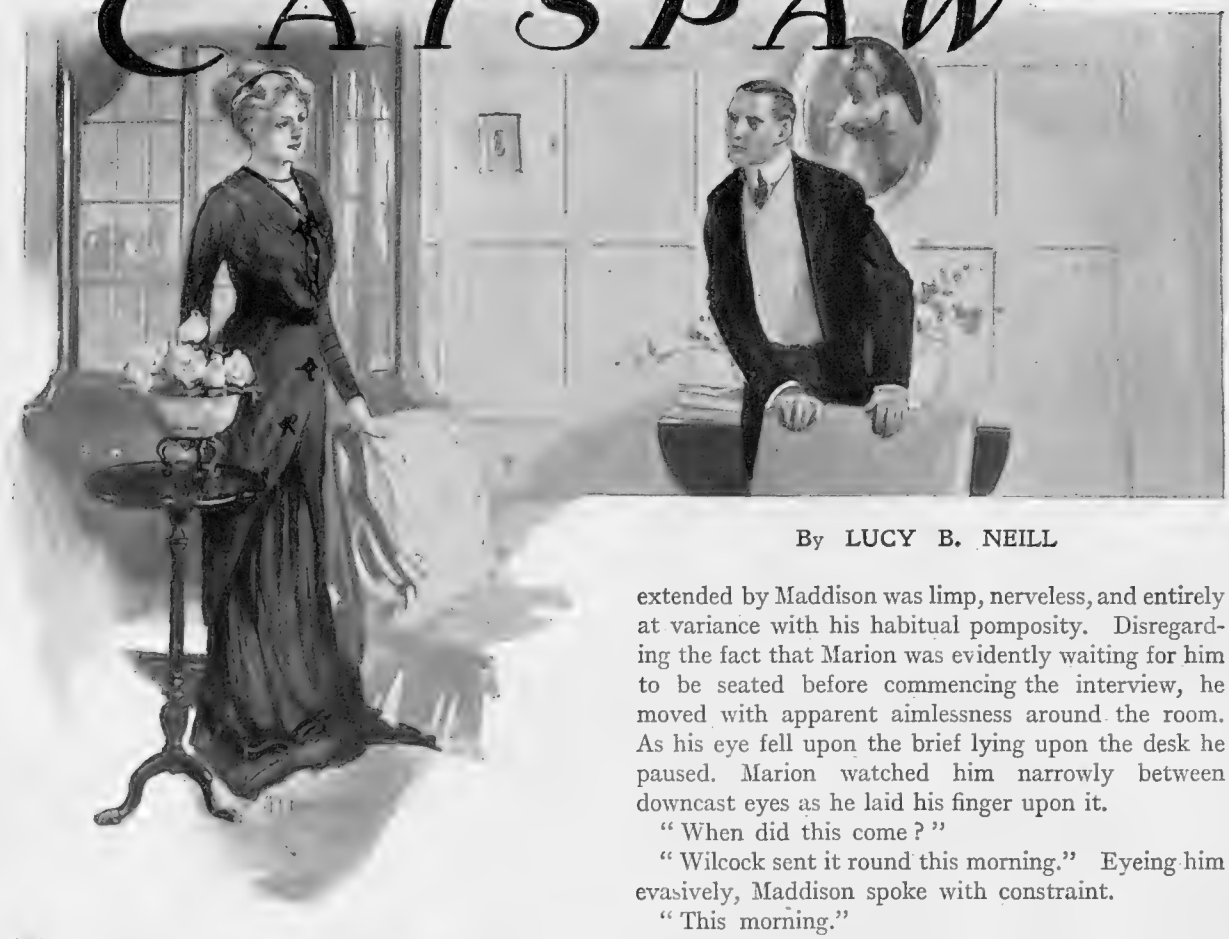
Fond Mother: "I'm sure Horace will be a great astronomer when he grows up! This is the third time this week he has cried for the moon!"

Fashion Artist: "Won't you sit down?"
Model: "No, thanks, impossible. This is a walking costume"



An ornamental pond is a beautiful addition to a garden, but care should be taken to inform short-sighted guests of its whereabouts.

"CATSPAW"



By LUCY B. NEILL

JOHN MARION was seated before his desk, thinking deeply, but neither the expression of his inscrutable features nor the hieroglyphics with which he was absently scoring the blotting-pad before him gave any indication as to the nature of his deliberations—pleasant or unpleasant. Motionless, save for the mechanical action of the hand holding the pencil, he might almost have been mistaken at a casual glance for a part of the room's furniture, so unmistakably legal in its dusty austerity. The brief lying at his elbow, marked with a fee that would have been gratifying even to the very highest legal luminary, suggested that the deliberations were pleasing. The frown, however, between the heavy brows discredited the supposition. As a matter of fact, Marion had long since reached that stage in his cogitations when they had ceased to be either pleasant or unpleasant; his decision, of whatever nature, was irrevocably fixed, and now, in suspension, awaited the striking of the hour.

Once more the pencil traced the left half of the circle, paused, then slowly recommenced its upward motion. As it regained its starting-point the clock struck, and simultaneously the outer door leading to the chambers opened. The pencil fell from Marion's fingers, and as he rose to his feet the curtains dividing the two rooms parted, and his partner, Joshua Maddison, entered from the outer room.

Dissimilar in most externals, in no respect was the difference more emphasised than in the manner in which each bore himself in what had every appearance of being a momentous interview; and, while Marion maintained his customary composure, the hand extended by Maddison was limp, nerveless, and entirely at variance with his habitual pomposity. Disregarding the fact that Marion was evidently waiting for him to be seated before commencing the interview, he moved with apparent aimlessness around the room. As his eye fell upon the brief lying upon the desk he paused. Marion watched him narrowly between downcast eyes as he laid his finger upon it.

"When did this come?"

"Wilcock sent it round this morning." Eyeing him evasively, Maddison spoke with constraint.

"This morning."

"You'll find the note that accompanied it somewhere on the desk."

Maddison waived the suggestion aside with simulated gaiety.

"So long as we've received the brief, it doesn't particularly matter when it came, does it?"

"Under ordinary circumstances I should have answered 'No.'"

Maddison replied with ill-assumed ease.

"Then you don't consider these ordinary circumstances?" Marion raised his brows.

"You can scarcely have forgotten that our articles of partnership expired yesterday. Had this brief, according to the terms of partnership, arrived a day earlier, it would naturally have been included in the firm's assets; as it is——"

Maddison turned abruptly towards him, his florid face unusually strained.

"You wish to tell me you have no intention of renewing the partnership."

"I should scarcely have considered that necessary."

"Why?"

"What do I gain? Thanks to you, I am now very well able to stand alone."

"My name."

"Pooh!"

"My influence." Marion turned sharply towards him.

"That's just it. Have you any?"

Maddison began to bluster; Marion cut him short.

"Unfortunately for your case I happen to know you haven't, and more—that by your last batch of

(All rights strictly reserved)

speculations you are a ruined man." Maddison passed his handkerchief across his brow.

"It is true," he said, after a pause.

"I had to make it my business to find out." There was a silence, which Maddison broke harshly.

"So you have no further use for the cast-off shoe?"

Marion regarded him narrowly.

"I wonder what you would do if I said 'No'?"

"There's only one thing for a man in my situation to do. Five years ago, when I met you, I was a wealthy man, and until a year ago was continually adding to it by speculation. During the past year, however, everything I have touched has gone wrong, and, as you say, I'm a ruined man. There's one comfort. Alice would not be inconsolable."

"I've thought of that." Maddison's brow darkened.

"What do you mean?" Marion pointed to a chair.

"Sit down." Mechanically, Maddison obeyed.

"I have inquired what you intend doing in case I were to refuse further association with you. The answer you have given me may or may not be correct. If not, you have the alternatives of either telling your wife you are ruined or disappearing and leaving her to find out for herself." Maddison passed his handkerchief nervously across his brow.

"I don't understand," he faltered.

Withdrawing his pocket-book, Marion laid a cheque for £1,000 before Maddison.

"This cheque, as you will see, is drawn up in my name, but the signature is not mine."

For an instant Maddison gazed fascinated at the cheque, the colour gradually receding from his face, leaving it ashen.

"How did you find out?" he said at length, hoarsely.

"By the means I have been compelled to employ to discover various things during your absence. You see, whichever alternative you choose, it is obvious you can no longer continue to live with your wife. Alice is a proud woman."

"Then you intend to prosecute?"

"Not necessarily." There was a pause, in which Maddison clenched and unclenched his hand upon the table. Then he glanced up, speaking harshly.

"Don't torture me, man. You're quite right. I'm not denying it. You appear to suggest a way of escape; it's quite certain I won't live to face the disgrace."

"You might prefer that to what I am going to propose, though I scarcely think so."

"What is it?" Marion leaned over the table.

"Let me lead up to my point by a short *resumé* of our present relations." Maddison shifted uneasily, hiding his face with his hand.

"Like many men of inherited wealth you have preferred to add to it by speculation rather than by honest work. No speculation that promised a fair return was left unconsidered, even though it was the exploitation of another man's brains.

"When I first met you I was conducting a mean case in a mean court. You, however, saw possibilities in my methods, and, the speculation being one after your own heart, you proposed that we should enter into partnership—you as banker to the firm and I to represent its assets. Had your proposal rested there it would have been a generous one; but it was not until I was drunk with ambition that I learnt that my sacrifice towards our mutual benefit was none other than the woman I loved. Well, you gave me my choice between ambition and love, and I deliberately chose ambition, leaving the woman I loved with all my heart to the belief that she had deceived herself. I love that woman still, Maddison, and since you have asked me to state my terms it is she that is to be the price of my conditions; I do not wrong you, since by your own confession your married life—never a happy one—is ended."

Maddison raised his head.

"Alice is a pure woman; she will never marry you while I live." Marion leaned further over the table.

"Not if she knows." Maddison flushed.

"What do you mean? Speak, man."

"You must disappear." He raised his hand as Maddison would have spoken.

"I have heard you say you prefer life in America to that in England; I propose to allow you sufficient to live in some measure in the manner in which you are accustomed to live on the condition that before the end of the outward voyage you lose your identity. If the thing is cleverly managed—and I understand you are not unversed in the art of disguise—your luggage will return here simultaneously with the report of your death."

For an instant Maddison, staring moodily before him, did not answer. Then he turned his eyes slowly upon Marion.

"In fact, I am to be the catspaw——"

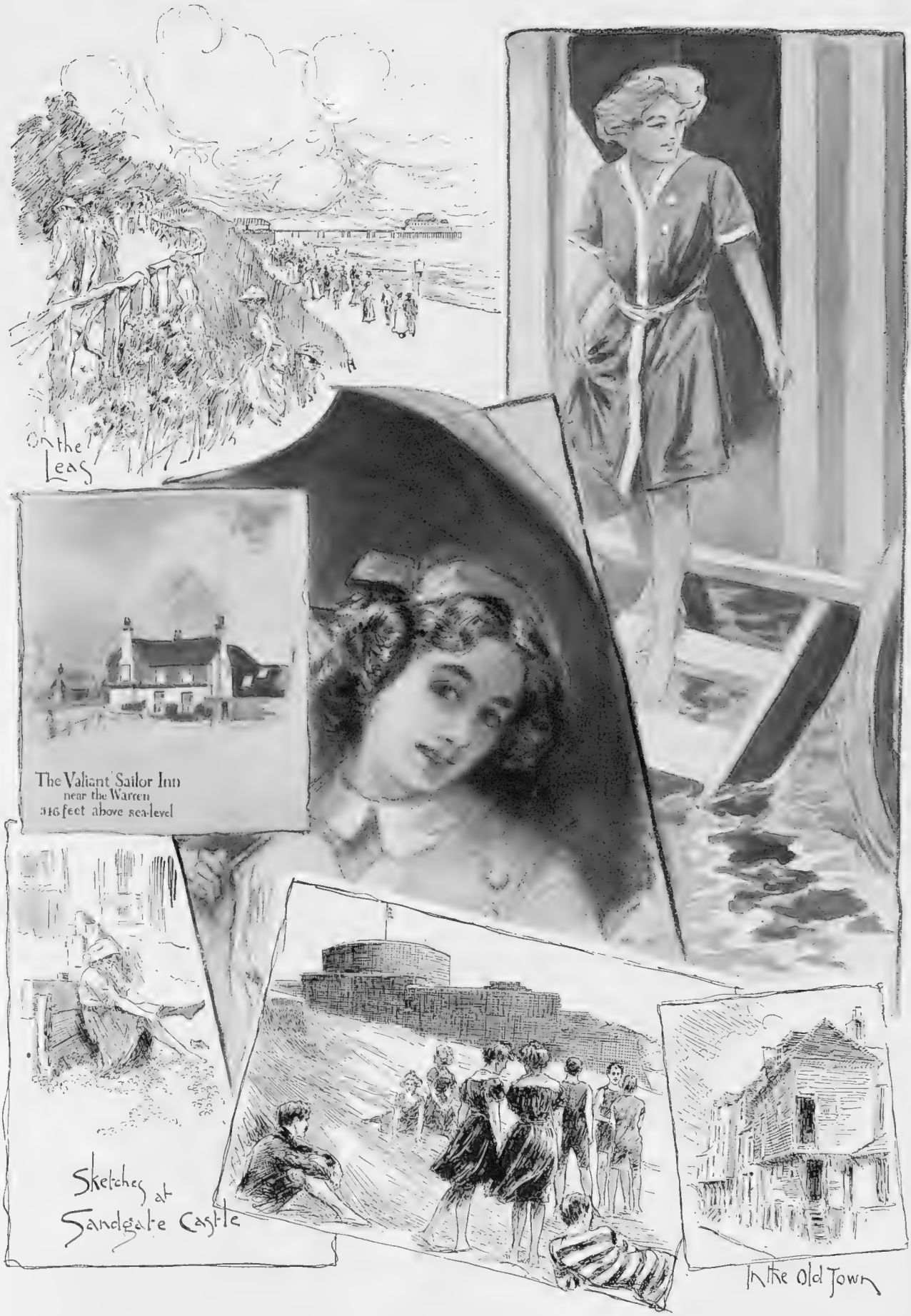
"Those are my terms. Take them or leave them."

"I have no choice," Maddison answered bitterly, and in the more detailed discussion of plans neither of the men chanced to notice the swaying of the heavy curtain dividing the two rooms as it fell again into position.

. . . . . .

Escaping the proverbial fate of well-laid plans, those contrived by Marion had not miscarried in a single instance, and had been so successfully engineered that it was now a full month since Alice Maddison had adopted her garb of widowhood. Naturally, during that month, as her husband's executor, Alice had seen Marion frequently, it having been his task to inform her that, save for a miserable pittance, Maddison had been practically penniless at the time of his death. In the position of affairs thus created Marion hoped for a powerful ally, while the fortitude with which she received the news, and her evident gratitude for his services, added daily to his love for her, which, if crushed beneath the weight of ambition, had never been destroyed. These reasons, added to an indefinable graciousness in her manner towards him, made him decide to put his fate to the proof sooner than he otherwise had intended. If thoughts of the wrong he was doing Maddison occasionally obtruded themselves, they were quickly brushed aside by the argument that fate, not he, was to blame that the balance which ten years ago had weighed against him was now on his side of the scale. For the rest, he argued that as long as Alice remained in ignorance that her husband lived, the transgression was his, and not hers—a price small in comparison to the possession of her.

(Continued on page 240)

A Peep at Folkestone. By R. G. Mathews

Folkestone, the ideal watering-place on the south-east coast, is a very favourite resort of French tourists, who avail themselves of the facilities offered by the South Eastern and Chatham turbine steamers. The most frequented spot is, of course, the Leas, where all that is fashionable may be seen in the afternoon promenading when the weather permits

(Continued from page 238)

As he was shown into her presence on the morning in question he was struck anew by the thought how little she had changed during the last ten years. Her life had been singularly unemotional, and save for an added dignity, he could have imagined it the occasion of the memorable interview, and that the intervening years had never been. He would have been less than human if in comparing the two occasions he had not reflected that while she was still in a position of dependency, he who had succeeded had come to lay everything at her feet. Still, she was a singularly beautiful woman, and as she raised her head from the flowers over which she had been bending upon his entry, and came towards him with outstretched hands, the desire of possession mounted to his brain like wine.

"I was just thinking of you," she said. Marion's hand closed over hers.

"I hope they were pleasant thoughts."

"They could scarcely be otherwise after all your kindness."

"I have only done what any other man would have done in arranging the affairs of your late husband."

"Since they were also my affairs you must permit me to be grateful. I can scarcely believe, even yet, that he is—dead."

"Unfortunately there is not the slightest doubt of that. You may set your mind at ease"—Marion paused in embarrassment—"I mean——" Alice raised her eyes to his.

"Do not trouble to apologise. All the world knows that our marriage was not a happy one."

"I—I have sometimes feared——" Alice shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah, well, it is over now, and after to-morrow, when all this"—she indicated her surroundings by a wave of the hand—"shall have passed into other hands, I shall be free to take up my life at the point at which I dropped it ten years ago."

"That reminds me of the object of my visit to-day. Have you made any plans for when you shall have left here?" Alice smiled.

"Don't you rather mistake the situation? I cannot afford to make plans any longer; in future my plans will make me."

"Well?"

"I was a companion before I married; I am only twenty-eight, and still retain the faculties necessary to the calling."

"Which are?"

"Patience, willingness, good temper, inexhaustible energy, a fund of humour, for and against, and, above all—a thick skin."

Marion, standing before her with bent head, did not answer.

"The latter is indispensable. But you are not listening. A woman's plans, you know, are rarely interesting." Marion raised his head and looked at her.

"I was wondering whether you could be serious. You must be aware that what you suggest is quite impossible."

"But why?"

"Pshaw!" Alice smiled.

"Perhaps you have something better to propose."

"I have."

"Well?" There was a pause, in which Marion halted, obviously at a loss how to proceed.

"You will, of course, marry again." Alice smiled. "You do not regard it as improbable?"

"Certainly not, under given circumstances." There was a pause. "But it would almost appear as though you had already chosen a candidate as successor to my husband." Marion drew nearer to her.

"And if I had?" Alice shook her head slowly.

"I cannot, of course, feign any deep regret, but at least let us make some pretence at seemliness. It is barely a month since you informed me I was a widow."

Marion grasped her hand in his, speaking with emotion.

"I will wait. Alice——"

"You! You mean——"

"That I love you."

"Ah!" the sound almost a sigh of relief, escaped her as, her hands gliding slowly from Marion's, she stood before him, a smile upon her lips. He drew back a step. "I almost began to fear you never *would* tell me."

"Then you *do* love me!" She smiled, but made no reply. Drawing nearer, Marion placed his hand upon her arm.

"I love you with all my heart and soul; you must know it. Will you be my wife, Alice?"

Raising her head she answered him softly, the smile still upon her lips.

"No."

Marion's hand fell to his side.

"No," he repeated, the colour receding slowly from his face. "But—you must have a reason."

"Many," she replied lightly. He smiled in response to her tone.

"Better many than one. Your first?"

"And chief reason?"

"As you will; I shall combat them in order."

"You may not find it as easy as you imagine."

"We shall see. Well—your chief reason against marrying me?" She raised her smiling face to his.

"The fact that my husband is still alive," she said softly.

Despite the stealthiness of the blow, Marion stood firm, only the gradual whitening of his face betraying the fear at his heart. There was a silence.

"You do not answer." With a visible effort he drew himself together.

"I was wondering on what you based your assertion. As you are aware, I have left no stone——." She swayed gently towards him, a mocking smile on her lips.

"Do not blame yourself," she said softly. "Your story was perfect in every detail." Marion gripped the back of a chair.

"My story," he repeated. "I don't understand."

"I should never have doubted it's truth if——"

"Go on," he said harshly.

"If I had not been better informed." Marion bit his lip in his effort to steady it.

"I don't understand." She lowered her voice.

"I did not often trouble my husband during business hours." Marion started.

"You mean——?"

(Continued on page 242)

"A Little Dutchwoman"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY PIERRE DUBREUIL

(Continued from page 240)

"I called at your chambers that day. I heard voices; I hid behind the curtain; I——"

"You heard——?"

"Everything." For a moment they stood looking tensely at one another; then Marion turned his eyes away.

"I did it because I loved you, Alice, because I have always loved you."

"I know," she said. Marion glanced quickly at her, but her face was expressionless. "Even when you sacrificed me to your ambition; while you were lying to me I knew."

"I thought you had forgiven."

"I intended you should." There was a silence, which Marion broke abruptly.

"What do you intend doing?"

"Nothing."

"I don't understand." A flush dyed Marion's face as he made a movement towards her. "Alice. Is it possible——"

"No." She smiled as she saw him flinch.

"Then——"

"You are wondering what punishment I shall mete out to you. I intended to expose you, to relate the story in the Courts where you had won renown." Marion dug his nails into the palms of his hands.

"And now?" he said shortly. She measured him scornfully.

"I shall not trouble about you; you have served your purpose."

"I don't understand."

"You have rid me of a bond which was becoming daily more and more intolerable." She bent towards him. "Do you propose to recall my husband?" He did not answer. "No, you dare not do that, my friend, and so long as you continue to pay the price exacted by him in consideration of his total disappearance I think our bargain is almost equal. Naturally, should he return, I shall revert to my primary intention."

There was a pause, which Marion broke, looking at Alice with a certain admiration.

"You are a clever woman, and your arguments are irrefutable; but you have forgotten one thing."

"And that?"

"Since you are deprived of your husband's support and refuse mine, your freedom must be the price of your daily bread. Otherwise the picture you draw is masterly." She smiled.

"Like many artists, I have left filling in the details till the last. It was not chance brought me to your chambers the day in question, but a considerable legacy, about the safeguarding of which I desired your advice. *That*, after overhearing your conversation, I naturally considered superfluous." She laughed lightly.

"We have been playing a three-cornered game—my husband, you, and I, in which first I, then he, and now you have acted catspaw." She crossed swiftly towards the electric bell, and placed her finger upon it. "The rules of the game vary, you know, but we must abide by them."

The door opened. In the silence that followed Marion raised his hat from the table, and, bowing ceremoniously towards her, quitted the room.

LUCY B. NEILL.

The Chinese Henley: The International Fours at Tientsin

Every year the English and French residents meet in friendly rivalry, and hold a regatta at Tientsin. Our photograph shows the struggle for one of the most important races

The Peak of Tempests

Photograph *McLeish*

The Wetterhorn ("Peak of Tempests") is a magnificent mountain in the Bernese Oberland. Its three peaks are 12,149, 12,165, and 12,110 feet high, and were first ascended in 1844 and 1845. The glorious prospect in our picture is one that will be enjoyed this summer by hundreds of our readers on whom the charms of Switzerland never pall

ACROSTICATURES: £5 and Quarterly Prize Winners.

The Prize of FIVE POUNDS for the Acrosticature on the word "Bystander" has been awarded to Mr. W. W. TROTMAN, Belmont, Torquay, for the following:

Bravo! **Y**our **S**hape, **T**ype, **A**nd **N**ews **D**elight **E**very **R**eader!

Below is given a selection of entries, for which fifteen and ten marks have been respectively awarded. After including these in the totals of the marks of the Quarterly Competition, the First Prize of articles to the value of TWENTY POUNDS is won by

Dr. DUNCAN GREY, Windgarth, Weston-super-Mare, whose total marks number (this week's included) ***640***

The Second Prize (Articles to the value of TEN POUNDS) goes to

Mr. E. T. HARDMAN, Charterhouse, Godalming, whose total marks number (this week's included) ***495***

The Third Prize (Articles to the value of FIVE POUNDS) to

Mr. A. HATCHARD, 55, Campden House Rd., Kensington, whose total marks number (this week's included) ***420***

The Competitors next in order were Mr. H. G. TEMPEST (215 marks), Miss CONEY (105 marks), Mr. G. E. A. CADELL (105 marks).

The Winners have been invited to select the articles to the amounts mentioned, as announced, from the Catalogue of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

THE "BYSTANDER" ACROSTICATURE: Our Readers' Real Opinion at Last

The following have been selected as worthy of specially honourable mention, and have been awarded fifteen marks in the Quarterly Competition, the result of which (with these included) is given above. The Editor desires to express his blushing gratitude for the flattering remarks, and in regard to the others (most of which are duly placed on record) to confess himself duly chastened. At the foot of the page opposite will be found an impression of the Editorial Office *after* these were read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by all concerned.

FIFTEEN MARKS HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Bravo! Your Sixpennyworth—'Tis Aptly Named—Delights Every Reader.
Henry G. Tempest, Dundalk.

Because You Satirise The August, Not Discourteously, Expect Ridicule.
Miss Coney, Southport.

Briefly, You Strive To Amuse. No Doubt Enterprise Realised.
G. F. Rayner, Ivybridge.

Braggadocio Your Standard Theme; Artistic Nightmares, Denoting Erratic Reflections.
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Believing Your Satirical Topical Allusions Noodles Deprecate Essential Reforms.
Robert McLeod, Edinburgh.

Both Your Sound Theories And Nonsense Delight Every Reader.
A. Fawcett, Nottingham.

Breezy, Yet Satirical, Tasty And Novel, Delighting Every Reader.
E. Frank Judd, Shepherd's Bush.

Bunkum! Yet Sells Triumphantly, And Naïveté Demoralises Envious Rivals.
Mrs. A. M. Armstrong, Buckingham.

Brilliant, Yet Solid, This Admirable Newspaper Delights Every Reader.
Mrs. Moston Philips, London.

Brilliant! Your Success To-day Auguring New Distinction, Enhanced Reputation.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

By Your Smartness, Taste, And Novelty Distancing Every Rival.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Backbiting You Seems Truly Absurd; No Dissatisfaction Ever Reported.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Bystander's Yearly Sale Teaches All Newspaper Dealers England's Requirements.
Sergt. Anderson, Shrewton.

Behold Yourselves, Standers-by, Triumphant Among Newspapers, Delighting Every Reader.
Rev. Hugh Davidson, Plymouth.

Brings You Something Tempting, Aye, Necessary, During Each Reading.
V. Vyvyan Williams, Teignmouth.

Banishes Yawns, Soothes Tiredness, Attracts Numbers, Distances Envious Rivals.
Miss Lilian E. Dale, Hythe.

Briefly, You're Sometimes Too Acid. Nevertheless, Decidedly Entertaining. Regards!
Miss Alston, Chislehurst.

Bastinado Your Staff, Totally Abolish Nellie, Dynamite Editor, Reconstruct!
D. Logan, Dunster.

Because You Supply Thing Actually Needed, Deserved Encomiums Result.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Before Your Sunny Temperament's Advent Numbing Depression Effectually Recedes.
G. E. A. Cadell, Sydenham.

Bespeaks Your Support Trustfully, And Never Disappoints Expectant Readers.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

By You Stand Twinkling, And Noting Down Everything Ridiculous.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Both Your Suggestive Title And Notable Discernment Explain Results.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

By Yeoman Service, Tact, And Nice Discrimination, Establishes Record.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Banishes Yawns, Soothes Tedium, And Never Disappoints Expectant Readers.
Henry G. Tempest, Dundalk.

Brilliant, Yet Satisfying To Appetites Not Demanding Encyclopædian Repasts.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Behold Yourself Severely Tested, Achieving New Distinction, Enhancing Reputation.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Back Your Sensible Talk Against Nonsensical Drivel Elsewhere Retailed.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Buy You Systematically Tuesday Afternoons, Notwithstanding Dollars' Extreme Rarity.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare

Belie Your Stagnant Title; Acute National Danger Evokes Responsibility.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Bother Your Success!! Trade Advertisements Now Demand Extra Room.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Beneath Your Society Table-Talk Aristocracy's National Duties Emphatically Recognised.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

"Bargain Yon Sixpenn'orth," Trade Asserts. "Not Dear," Everybody Replies.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

TEN MARKS HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO THE FOLLOWING:

Bravo! Your Standard, Taking Average Number, Defeats Every Rival.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Brightens Youth, Satisfies The Aged, Never Dull, Ever Refined.
Henry G. Tempest, Dundalk.

Behold, Yellow Sovereigns Testify A Nice Discrimination Equitably Rewarded.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Be Yours Still To Amuse, Nay Delight, Endless Readers.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Best? Yes! Social, Theatrical, Athletic, Never Dull, Eagerly Read.
Miss Coney, Southport.

Become Yearly Subscriber. Topics Amazingly Numerous, Discussing Everything Readable.
Miss Part, Berkhampstead.

But You See Therein Amusement, Not Depth. Entirely Regarded.
Miss C. Holmes, Bournemouth.

Buy Your Sixpenn'orth! 'Tis A Necessary Disbursement Extremely Repaying.
Mrs. Grant, Rothes.

Best Yet Seen. Tells All News. Delights Every Reader.
N. Hans Hamilton, Claygate.

By Your Sterling Taste And Natural Delicacy Ever Respected.
R. A. Miller, Omagh.

Bright Yarns, Society Talk, And Nobodies' Doings Entertainingly Related.
A. Forbes, London.

Believe You Satisfy Them All. No Doubt Excellent Reading.
R. D. Atkins, H.M.S. "Magnificent."

Breezy, Yet Sensible Topics Always New, Decidedly Entertaining Reading.
W. J. Mears, East Ham.

Bright Yarns, Society Tales, Amusing Notes, Delight Every Reader.
W. S. Flemming, Bradford-on-Avon.

Buying Your Smart Tales And News Dulness Effectively Repelled.
Miss J. B. Edwardes, Yoxford.

Brilliant Yarns, Society Tattle, Amusing Numbers, Distracted Editor Repaid.
Miss G. Jones, Gresford.

Beguiling, Yet Strictly Truthful And Never Dull, Even Re-read,
Miss Olive Hamley, Farnham.

The following are a selection of the entries which are considered worthy of honourable mention, and are awarded ten marks in the Quarterly Competition now concluding:

Bystander Yield Supremacy To Assailants?? Never! Defies Every Rival
E. Adams, Liverpool.

By Your Sarcastic Tendencies Attenuating, Nearly Destroying Excellent Reputation.
W. S. Flemming, Bradford-on-Avon.

Bound Yearly Serves To Amuse Numbers Desiring Entertaining Retrospect.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

By Your Satirical Tattle And Naïve Designs Ennui Removed!
E. Frank Judd, Shepherd's Bush.

Bursting Your Skin To Attract Notoriety Doesn't Ever Repay.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Bestir Yourselves, Send Twenty Acrosticatures Now Despite Earlier Reverses.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Bystander Yields Society Talk Always Novel, Delightfully Entertaining Reading.
H. B. Hawley-Edwards, Shifnal.

Bystander! Your Splendid Topical Acrosticatures Notably Delighted Every Reader.
Mrs. Grant, Rothes.

Bags Your Sixpence, Trusting Acrosticatures Not Damaging Established Reputation.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Brightness, Youthfulness, Sympathy, Thoroughly Attractive, Newsagents Delighted, Everybody Radiant.
Mrs. Burt, Newton Abbot.

Baits Your Sixpences Tactfully, Acrostics Now Decoying Every Reader.
Miss A. V. Collins, Bournemouth.

By Your Satirical Tongue And Nature Diverting Every Reader.
Mrs. G. E. Welsh, Eton, Windsor.

Bystander Yearns Successfully To Attain Notoriety, Desiring European Reputation.
Mrs. E. M. Semple, Guernsey.

Be Yourself! Scandalous Topics Attracting Notoriety Don't Eventually Remunerate.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Beware! Your Sarcastic Tone Annoyed Numerous Duffers Excessively, Recently.
Miss Lilian E. Dale, Hythe.

Bridle Your Sharp Tongue, Animus Necessarily Diminishes Editorial Reputation.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Buying Your Silly Tales And Nonsense Dements Every Reader.
Miss Curtis, Standon near Ware.

Beardless Youths Share Tea and Noise, Drowsy Editor Reclines.
"Folly," Mrs. H. Pym, Brasted.

Behave Yourself Soberly, True Advocacy Necessarily Disdains Empty Rant. Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Back Your Sixpennyworth To "Achieve Notoriety," Despite Excommunicating "Reverends!" A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Buoys Your Senses, Takes Away Nasty, Desponding, Enervating Reminiscences. Dr. Arthur Jones, Stokesley.

Bring Your Sixpence Trustingly Along, Never Doubting Excellent Return.
Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone.

Bring Your Sixpences Trustfully, And, Nothing Doubting, Expect Reward.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Bags Your Sixpences To Air Novelties, Diverting Endless Readers.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Bystander, Your Society Tittle-tattle And Neutral Demeanour Earn Readers. G. F. Rayner, Ivybridge.

Bourgeois Yearnings Satisfied. Tittle-tattle About Nobility Delights Even Radicals. Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

By Your Sub-editor's Tireless Activity Nothing Dull Escapes Rejection.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Be Your Standard True And Never Doubt Extensive Readers.
Mrs. Fraser, Hythe.

Banish Your Sensational Topics And Never Develop Extravagant Rhetoric.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Bang Your Saxpence To Acquire Newest Drawings, Enchanting Reading.
Rev. G. Birchenough, Edgbaston.

Bantering, Yet Slow To Apologise, None Damned Except Radicals.
A. Webb Jones, Warlingham.

Briefly, You Stand Triumphantly Acquitted, Nullifying Disgraceful Evil Reports. W. S. Flemming, Bradford-on-Avon.

Bon-Marché, Yet Supreme. Triumphantly Attractive. Nonpareil.
Delighting Every Reader. "Nemo," Horsell, Woking.

Breezy, Yet Sensible, Tactful, And Never Disgraces English Respectability.
C. E. Hoggan, Dumfriesshire,

Bedad, Your Sixpennyworth Triumphs Among Newspapers, Delighting Every Reader. Rev. Hugh Davidson, Plymouth.

Brilliant Your Stories. Thousands Awaiting. Nothing Dull Ever Relating.
Miss A. I. Goodacre, Reading.

Brilliant, Yet Sarcastic, Tattle And Novel Drawings Enthral Readers.
Miss L. Strachan, Cheltenham.

Boisterous, Youthful Staff Takes Advantage Negligence Displayed Editor's Room. Walter Bryant, Bristol.

Before You Started These Acrostics, No Distracting Evening Recreation.
W. S. Flemming, Bradford-on-Avon.

Best Yet, Sporting, Topical, Artistic, Never Dull, Everything Ripping!
C. B. Martin, Upper Norwood.

Best Yarns, Society Tattle, And Newsy Descriptions Ever Reported.
Miss A. V. Collins, Bournemouth.

Bestir Yourselves, Send Twenty Acrosticatures, Nor Doubt Eleventh-hour Recovery. E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Blandly Yielded Sarcasms Told Amúsingly, Notoriously Discerning Editor Regulates. Miss H. G. Todd, Folkingham.

But, You See, They Are Never Dull. Ever Racy.
Miss Mackay, Brodick.

Brilliant Young Staff, Talented Artists; Nobody Denies Excellent Result.
G. W. Hughes, Godalming.

Bright Yarns, Society Tales, And News Delights Every Reader.
Dr. Naesmyth, Ashtead.

Bystander, Your Scheme To Attract Neophytes Deserves Every Reward.
Miss Olive Hamley, Farnham.

By Your Superb Tact And Nobility Denounce Evil Reports.
Miss Lilla Hills, Chester.

Buying Your Sententious, Thoroughly Artistic, Newspaper Denotes Excellence Recognised. F. E. Sames, Harrow.

Banters Yeasty Society, Titilates Amiable Nonentities, Discreetly Evades Retribution. Miss Annie Goodall, Brighouse.

Beloved Young Sport Topping Ancient Newspapers, Delighting English Residents Miss C. Walton, Kingsbury.

Bumptious Yesterday, Satirical To-day. Attains Notoriety Depicting Endless Readers. Thomas Beevers, Sidcup.

Beseech You, Sir, Try Another New Departure Equally Remunerative.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

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Being Your Staff, They Are No Doubt Easily Recognisable.
Mrs. H. Birkett, Dumbarton.

Brilliance Yields Success! These Acrosticature Novelties Delight Every Reader. Mrs. Fenton, Rickmansworth.

Bravo! Your Suitably Titled Acrosticatures Now Drive Everybody Raving. G. F. Rayner, Ivybridge.

Bravo! Your Submission To Acrosticature Nomination Deserves Enthusiastic Reception. Mrs. H. R. Clayton, Regent's Park.

Burlesquing You Shamefully Through Acrosticatures, Nevertheless Displays Epigrammatic Refinement. E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Breezy Yet Serious, The Acrosticature Notion Deservedly Evoked Rivalry.
E. T. Hardman, Godalming.

Begorrah! Your Skits, Tales, And News Delightfully Entertain Readers.
Miss I. B. Edwards, Yoxford.

Britain You Serve Truly, Accentuating Not Depreciating Empire's Reputation. Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Balance Your Subjects To A Nicety, Divining Everybody's Requirements.
Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Beside Youth Sits Trembling Age, Naïvely Displaying Eager Relish.
A. Hatchard, Kensington.

Before You Stories, Tales, And Numberless Different Events Recorded.
M. I. Clayden, Eastbourne.

Bet Your Sixpennyworth Top Amongst Newspapers — Deservedly Establishes Record! Mrs. Fenton, Rickmansworth.

Bestir Yourself, Strenuously Tackling Apathy Now Destroying England's Reputation. Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Better Yesterday's Success, To-morrow Adopting New Devices Excelling Rivals. Dr. Duncan Grey, Weston-super-Mare.

Busy Yourselves, Sirs, Tactfully Advertising New Departures, Else Ruin.
G. F. Rayner, Ivybridge.

Bottle Your Scalding Tears, Acrosticaturists. No Doubt Epitaph's "Resurgam." A. Hatchard, Kensington.

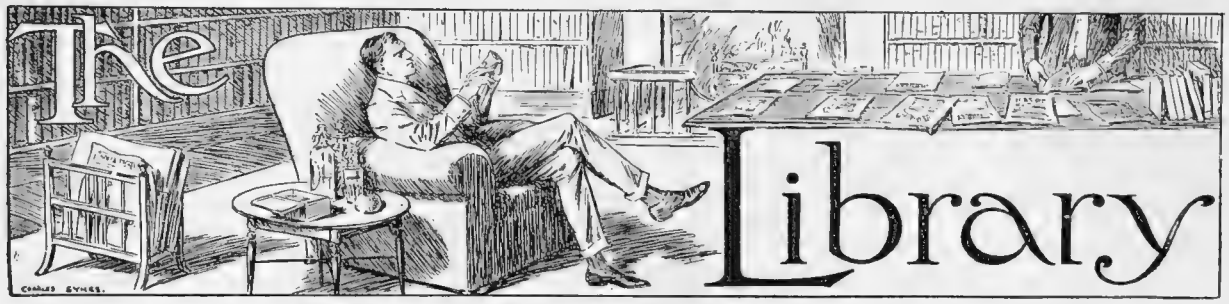
By Your Subtle Tricks Any Noodle Derives Easy Reward.
Edward Killick, Godalming.

Beneath Yon Stately Tomb Acrosticatures, Now Deceased, Enjoy Repose.
B. Croom Johnson, Wrexham.

N.B.—Many hundreds more, many of them almost equally deserving mention, have been only omitted for want of space, and in concluding the Competition, the Editor desires to acknowledge the remarkable enthusiasm of the contestants, and the generally high order of literary skill, judgment, and wit displayed. The result justifies him in believing that there is, in this country, a considerable public for competitions calling for genuine skill, and he begs to acknowledge the numerous letters he has received to testify to the fairness with which he has attempted to make the awards. The dividing line between competitors has been so narrow that he considers "The Bystander" particularly lucky to have escaped this Competition not only with its life, but also, apparently, without loss of either support or popularity

ONE RESULT OF THE COMPETITION!

Impression of the Editor's Room after a reading by the staff of the opinions quoted above



THREE CHARACTER-STUDIES

"The Prince of This World"

When first Sir W. S. Gilbert inculcated the sound principle of gilding the Philosophic Pill, a spirit of inspiration must have struck Mr. Joseph Hocking, whose nineteenth work is now before us (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*). There is no more popular purveyor of a certain type of fiction than he, and *The Prince of This World* will rank with *All Men Are Liars*, *The Scarlet Woman*, *Lest We Forget*, and other highly coloured romances. As a character-study of a splendid man and of a girl, whose heredity has imbued her with a noble nature, but whose surroundings have made her a butterfly, it has distinct merit. The struggle between solid good and trivial pleasure, with, of course, the ultimate triumph of the former, is quite exciting, and the characters in the book are not over-drawn. The people are people we all know in our daily lives. Esther Stormont can be found almost any day in the West End, while Marcus Pendennis is a type of all that is best in a West Country Squire. Certainly it is a book on which Mr. Hocking should be congratulated, and one which should be read. It has one fault; one lays it down with genuine regret that there is not more of it. But, after all, is not this the age of small *entrées* and not of heavy joints?

"The Peacock of Jewels"

The plot and the book are much alike. This is a story by Fergus Hume (Digby, Long: 6*s.*) of a magnificent golden peacock with a cryptogram carried on its jewelled tail. During the greater portion of the narrative the peacock mostly makes its appearance in the homely wrapping of chamois leather in which it is kept. Only at the extreme end does it shine forth in all its splendour, with the sun's rays enhancing its glory. So with the plot. It is a jewel of a plot, but, alas! at many points of the story its cleverness is shrouded by commonplaces, by unnecessary description, and with the last chapter alone do we recognise its excellence. Of course, with a jewelled peacock we smell the aroma of the East, and naturally there is an Indian, Morad Bakche. Equally as a matter of course, there is murder and an amateur detective who knows better than the police, a point emphasised in an able article in the *Daily Chronicle* of July 23, 1910, on real detectives. And there are villains and hero and heroine, the last not being very convincing. But the real villains are examples of fine character-drawing, both male and female. The unrelenting hatred of the lady villain for the male villain, the desperate means which she adopts to secure an awful revenge, and the subtlety with which her plans are matured are splendidly portrayed, and are equal to Mr. Fergus Hume's best work. The book is really two detective stories combined. First there is the solution of the first murder—there are two in the plot—and most important of all there is the reading of the secret of the peacock's tail, which indicates where a treasure of some £100,000 is concealed, and on the discovery of which the ultimate marriage of hero and heroine depends. The interest is well sustained, and the book should be welcome to those who like mysteries.

"Ragna"

An important book by Anna Constantini (Greening: 6*s.*), but one more for the student of psychology than for "the young person." Imagine Ragna, brought up in a simple little Norwegian home, with the strictness of the Lutheran Church, then transferred to the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in Paris for two years, then instructed in the philosophy of Kant, Descartes, and Haeckel, and such-like *savants*, and then let loose on a tour through Europe. What system of moral guidance has she acquired? Prince Charming, a real Prince, meets her at the conclusion of her convent life, and again some years later, and betrays the innocent girl. That is her one fault, loving and trusting too much. In her repentance the true nobility of her character shines out, and every page shows the real grandeur of her nature. The sin of an hour in the languorous surroundings of the Roman Campagna is atoned for by a lifetime of uncomplaining mental and physical anguish. She is induced by a well-born Roman to marry him, for he believes that one day she will be wealthy, and he makes her life purgatory on earth, using his knowledge of her one lapse to torment her, and even descending to physical violence. In the end, when she is most sorely tempted to seek the refuge which is open to her, the additional brutality of her husband to his and her children summons up the highest ideal of motherhood, and she refuses an asylum in order to protect her children, condemning herself to life-long misery. Yes; truly Miss Constantini has evolved a wonderful and beautiful character in Ragna, the Norwegian. Nor does this one character alone mark the book as out of the common. Every one of her people are alive, and act and speak as such. There are few dull lines in the work. The dialogue is generally natural, and the diversity of temperament portrayed from the Montegrian Prince and the noble Count Angelescu, the Roman Valentini, and the Florentine, Dr. Ferrati, to the cold Norwegian Lutherans, Fru Bjork and Fru Boyesen, is extraordinary, and proves long and intimate acquaintance with Europe.

Stand at Ease, Mark Time, and Salute all at Once

A FEAT PERFORMED BY AN ELEPHANT, WHICH WOULD BADLY BAFFLE A HUMAN BEING

This photograph of unique and up-to-date methods of locomotion was taken on the way to Alexandria, near Glasgow. The elephant-drawn caravan was overtaken by a 15 h.-p. Argyll car near that Company's Motor Works

SHOOTING PROSPECTS for August.

Photograph *Willoughby*

On the Moor: Shooting at Birds Coming Low to the Butts

IT would be quite in the natural order of things were I, in the face of the appalling weather we have again experienced this *Summer!* to anticipate very poor shooting prospects. It requires no genius to know that sport, so far as shooting is concerned, is dependent on good breeding seasons, and such seasons mean fair and not too cold weather. Late frosts and heavy snowstorms mean everything that is bad for grouse, for severe cold is against the eggs, while deep snows are against the birds getting at the heather—their chief food.

As regards partridges, the critical time of the year for these is Midsummer Day, at which time the young birds are hatching out. If, then, the weather is fine and warm, the youngsters have little to fear beyond the ordinary dangers of vermin and foxes. But if, on the other hand, drenching downpours and thunderstorms are the order of the day, why then the chances are that their small lives are soon over, for what with wet on their bodies and caked soil on their feet, their small spark of life soon goes out.

Pheasants also have nearly the same risks, though, of course, those artificially reared—*i.e.*, those not left to breed wild in woods—have the shelter of the coops, which, to a certain extent, helps them. All the same, they have to run in and out of their coops into the grass, and if this is continually sodden with rain it is a serious menace to their lives. Now this year, so far, has been to us who live in the South of England as wretched a breeding season as one could wish for. It began with great promise, but soon faded away into a series of the worst thunderstorms we have experienced for years.

It is never easy to say what the number of partridges are going to be until the corn is cut, for this is their refuge to a great extent. We have a certain knowledge as to the number of nests found on an estate, and we also receive reports from our keepers of wholesale destruction of nests and eggs by wet and flood, and our spirits sink proportionately as these lugubrious reports come in. And then we buoy ourselves up with the hope that when the corn is cut we shall find, after all, some of the birds *were* saved. This year the harvest will be a late one again, for there is no sun down South to ripen the corn.

Strangely enough, however, in Scotland and the North of England and Wales, the weather has behaved itself as it ought to do. As a result, I can confidently predict not only a good grouse season, but an exceptionally good one. I hear of little or no disease: keepers and owners tell me of good-sized coveys, and though in some cases there were second nestings owing to the weather, which will naturally produce some small birds, yet, on the whole, "gunners" will find grouse well grown and strong on August 12. This should apply also to partridges up North, and if partridges, then also pheasants. I cannot, however, think that it will be anything like a good partridge year on the whole, and considering what a record bad one was last year and that most estates then felt the want of at least two good seasons before them once again to replenish their depleted stocks, I fear that, this season, the "last state will be worse that the first."

To show, however, how curiously things pan out, one estate I know of in Bucks last year beat all previous records for the number shot there, though elsewhere, in most places where sixty or eighty brace were usually the order of the day, ten or twelve brace were the most obtained. My advice to those about to make their way to the moors is to take plenty of cartridges and lots of straight powder, for the birds are forward and strong on the wing. To the partridge seeker, I say suspend your judgment yet awhile, and hope for the best; and lastly, to the epicure of the covert side, I think I may safely hold out comfort in the fact that pheasants will be plentiful, even should their numbers not be above the average.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

British Beauty Beyond Railways

Photograph *Sport and General*

Passengers remounting a coach after walking up the hill on the road from Minehead to Lynton, in Devonshire. This is a journey which still has to be accomplished by the old-fashioned coach, much to the delight of tourists, who find it a pleasant relief (unless they have a great deal of luggage) to be able to forsake the railway so near London

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The "News of the World" Tournament

Sherlock continues his triumphant career without a check. In the Southern Section Qualifying Competition at Stoke Poges he practically squandered his field, coming in four strokes ahead of the next man. Two scores of 75 and 73 speak for themselves eloquently enough. Sherlock was on his native heath, so to speak, but even so, his performance is a grand one. The course and conditions were sufficiently testing, as we may judge from the fact that Harry Vardon and Taylor both had a squeeze to qualify, while Braid actually failed to get inside the charmed circle of thirteen. This Southern Section is by far the hottest combination of any of the sections. About 144 players struggled for the thirteen places, but most of those expected to qualify did so with the one notable exception. Tom Vardon established a record in his second round by returning a 71, ten strokes better than his first round. The difference looks enormous, but, as a matter of fact, it merely means that in the one case the player misses no putts, while in the other the ball won't go down. The figure 71 seems to be becoming quite a favourite one with the great players. We accept it now as a sort of everyday performance, and have ceased to wonder at it. Yet what a marvellous score it is, one under fours! Players will soon be ceasing to reckon by the usual method of so many over or under fours, and will be calculating on the three basis. Our poor old friend five has become almost a black sheep, while six is a positive monstrosity now. In addition to heading the score, Sherlock retained possession of the Tooting Bec Challenge Cup. Someone will have to write an "eulogy of Sherlock," inspired by the proximity of the famous churchyard. Perhaps Mr. Montmorency will oblige.

A New Golfing Rendezvous: One of the Greens at Whitsand Bay, Cornwall

The new links, with the beautiful Whitsand Bay Hotel (shown in the distance), to which they belong, were opened on July 23, by Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew. The occasion was celebrated by a professional match between Ray (of Ganton) and Alec Herd, who finished all square, Ray doing 70 and 74, and Herd two 72's

The P.G.A.

As I am on the subject of the Professional Golfers' Association, I may take the opportunity of congratulating it and Mr. Miéville on the latter's re-election to the secretaryship. At the meeting at St. Andrews during the Open Championship Harry Fulford was run in opposition to Mr. Miéville, and as the voting was very close a poll was demanded by Fulford's supporters. This poll has resulted in Mr. Miéville's election by 282 votes to 200 recorded for Fulford. I am confident that the best interests of the Association have been subserved by the result of this election. I have not a word to say against Fulford, who is an excellent fellow, but he would have been a square peg in a round hole, as, indeed, any other professional player would be. I do not believe that the post should be filled by a professional, or that the leading professionals wish it to be so filled. They recognise that it is best that the post should be held by an amateur, who by the nature of the case can have no axe of his own to grind. Mr. Miéville has served the Association well and faithfully. The position is not an easy one, and has much work attached to it. Recently Mr. Miéville sent out an appeal for annual subscriptions to the Benevolent Fund of the Association. It is to be hoped that all golf clubs throughout the kingdom will signify their intention to become annual subscribers. The Fund has now a sum of £1,000 invested. Last year relief was granted in fourteen cases at a cost of £82. Those who wish to subscribe have only to send in their names to Mr. Charles Miéville, at 12, Old Jewry Chambers, Old Jewry.

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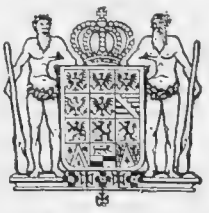

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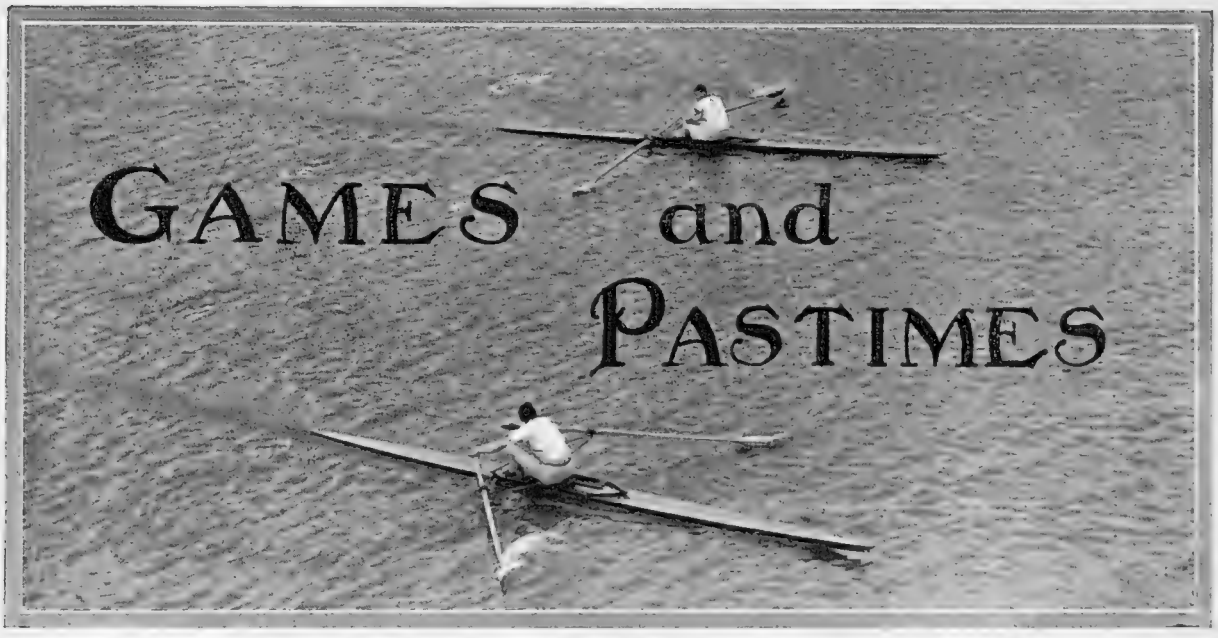

Another "Pot" for the Diamonds Winner: W. D. Kinnear Takes the London Cup
This race last week, from Hammersmith to Putney, produced a good fight and a victory by three-quarters of a length for Kinnear over the 'Varsity stroke, R. C. Bourne. They met again two days later in the Wingfields, when Kinnear won by ten lengths

The Sport of all Weathers

There is, fortunately, one sport, at any rate, which is practically independent of all sorts and conditions of weather. Most blest, at this juncture, are those who take their sport in the form of rowing—the real thing, that is, as opposed to what one may call boating. This is, of course, the season of river regattas, in which both sections take part, and though the boating contingent has suffered severely from the skies, the rowing men have gone ahead unmoved and undismayed. For a hard race, indeed, one is really better off if there is not too much sunshine. Wind is the only serious worry when July behaves like March, and this certainly was something of a drawback last week, when there were the Wingfield Sculls, the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta, and other important fixtures. The Diamonds winner, W. D. Kinnear, of Kensington R.C., had a very successful week, adding to his collection of "pots" the Wingfields and the London Cup, with R. C. Bourne, the 'Varsity oarsman and sculler, as runner-up in each case.

Concerning Rabbits

L. O. S. Poidevin, whose name is now as well known in lawn tennis as it is in cricket, has recently raised—or, perhaps, one should say revived—a question, in his weekly lawn tennis notes in the *Sportsman*, which is of particular interest just now. It deals with the limit to which a handicapper should go in giving long starts in handicaps to the weak players, colloquially known as "rabbits," who, plentiful enough at all times, are particularly in evidence during the holiday season, which is now in full swing. This question, like most others, has two sides to it. There is no doubt that the modern tendency on the part of handicappers is to do their best to give the "rabbits" a chance, with the result that, whereas in the old days a player was seldom in receipt of a longer start than thirty in every game, one now sees starts allotted up to thirty and three, four, or even five-sixths—in other words, starts of nearly forty in every game, while the better players have often to owe odds (up to thirty, and even more in the case of the cracks) as well.

Are Handicaps Too High?

Now, Poidevin says that this is all wrong. He contends that thirty—at the very outside—should be the limit; that if a player cannot win with thirty he ought not to expect to win at all; and he uses in support of his contention the undoubted fact that the giving of long odds has a paralysing effect upon the play of the good players, and is, consequently, a bar to their improvement. There is certainly a good deal to be said for this view, and it is not at all certain that the present ultra-steady and rather unenterprising type of game which prevails among the better players is not partly traceable to the ubiquitous "rabbit," who gets such a lot that the only way to beat him is to "play safety."

The Mainstay of Tournaments

Against this, however, it may be urged with almost equal force that the weaker players, by reason of their entrance fees, form the mainstay of most tournaments, and that tournaments which get little or no gate could not live without them. Of course, lawn tennis players are on the increase, and entries at tournaments become more numerous every season. But it is doubtful whether this increase would go on as it has done if the weaker players had not been "looked after" by the handicappers. One cannot help thinking that the old utilitarian maxim, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," must be applied to tournament management in general, and to handicapping in particular. It is, of course, rough on the good players, not because they are handicapped out of it, for they are not (in fact, the good and moderately good win more often than the "rabbits"), but because they have to play such a laboured and uninteresting game in order to give long starts successfully. But, after all, they need not go in for the handicaps unless they choose. There are level events enough to satisfy them at most meetings, and if they leave the handicaps alone, or, at any rate, only go for one or two here and there, they will do better in the long run. A good many of the cracks have already found this out.

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The Bystander, August 3, 1910. .....

MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

Manners and Morals

In a recent note I made a reference to the decadence of the horse coach, and a few remarks upon the motor-coach service instituted between Brighton and London. "Owen John," of the *Autocar*, has since dealt with the same subject. In his case, however, his lightly tripping pen has dropped a few spots of entirely unnecessary gall upon the drivers of the coaches in the "Marathons" and "Corinthians" of Horse Show week, and some rather exaggerated comments upon an alleged connivance by the police at a highly dangerous form of road racing. Once more I ask for fair play. The horse is dying—let it die; but we can ring him out without either venom or bad manners. The horse will take a very long time in making its recessional, probably never will make it completely; but those who prefer occasionally to figure on the roof of a four-in-hand are not, therefore, "odd-looking beings," nor are those who keep the course free from danger on special occasions necessarily aiding and abetting in a "shocking example to all scorchers"; nor does it follow that they who write enthusiastically of the events "must have been fed and oiled till they lost all sense of proportion."

Cars Parked at Goodwood

The horse has lost none of its sporting appeal, but the car for utility purposes is pre-eminent

Do Unto Others

The motorist has suffered much at the hands of the police. He would not be human if he did not remark upon a much more dangerous form of road transport being allowed to travel at a (relatively) much more dangerous pace. That is fair game; but it can be dealt with decently and in order. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them," I think the passage runs. The police have kept the route on special occasions for motorists. Before the day of screen and hood the motorist doubtless looked "odd" in his skins and muffles. I believe it has happened that even motoring Press writers have lost sense of proportion. "Owen John" himself has (from my viewpoint) lost it—but I should not care to suggest that it had any relation to "feeding and oiling," if I construe that little vulgarity aright. Very well. Let us order our ways and our criticism accordingly. The horse as an aid to sport has a strong hold upon us still, probably always will have. Coaching, jumping, racing, or for that matter circus riding, which "Owen John" seems to suggest is the deeps of equine degradation, are all good forms of sport not lightly but only ridiculously to be reviled. That fact firmly fixed in the back of the heads of some motoring writers will not hurt either the head or the writing.

Unity or ——?

The appointment of Mr. Rees Jeffreys to the Road Board opened up another subject for discussion. I referred to it, in passing, a few weeks ago. Mr. Rees Jeffreys held, among other appointments, the secretaryship of the Motor Union, and it has been generally considered that the Motor Union

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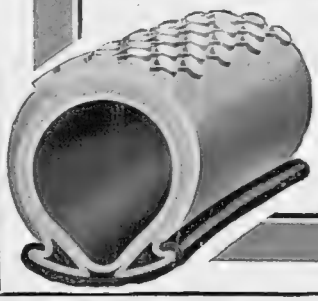

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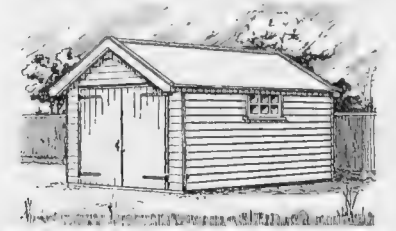

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revolved about him. While I should not be stupid enough to suggest that the members of that body had no interest in, or advantage from, it worth talking about apart from the Secretary (which would be tantamount to saying that they paid their annual guineas solely for love of Mr. Rees Jeffreys), I think it may fairly be said that the energy of the Secretary was largely responsible for preventing the Union from deteriorating to utter moribundity. However that may be, the question of the necessity of the Motor Union *and* the Automobile Association (two organisations without any irreconcilable antagonism of aim) maintaining separate existences has been discussed many times, but it required the retirement of the Secretary of the M.U., apparently, to bring the matter into the arena of practicability. Now that the Secretary *has* retired the champions of the *status quo* and of some form of amalgamation are in great dialectical conflict.

The Natural Line

The matter is simple enough. Is there any single useful or necessary thing performed by the two organisations separately which could not be better done in combination? I know of nothing. If the union of one or ten thousand motorists gives a strength and a desirable result that motorists individually could not secure, then the union of two or twenty thousand motorists must double that strength, and may double the results obtainable from it. The other question is: Is there any insurmountable obstacle in the way of fusion? I know of none. The subscription of one is certainly double that of the other, but, then, it is not arguable that the higher subscription does not greatly increase the benefits. If motorists want those benefits they will pay the extra guinea for them. If they do not want them, the position will remain as it is, unless the two-guinea organisation can arrange an acceptable compromise. It will be a pity if the two bodies cannot amalgamate. It would be the natural and effective thing for one body to take the place of two; but it is a matter entirely for the membership of the two organisations concerned to decide, and there is no more to be said.

Miscellanea

Of the seventy-one competitors who started in the six-days' motor-cycle trials, fifty-two won through to John o' Groats (from Land's End), and of these twenty-one completed the course (1,019 miles) without losing a single mark. The reliability of the motor-cycle is as high to-day, perhaps even higher, than the motor-car.

Further information concerning the Prince Henry Competition for next year is now forthcoming. It is to consist of a social tour of private motorists driving their own cars—a maximum of fifty cars in each of the two teams. The British team will consist of members of the R.A.C.; the other members of the Imperial Automobile Club of Germany. The course will be partly over German and partly over British territory; the daily endeavour (150 miles) will be to cover all the places of interest possible; the idea is to encourage "international civilities"; and the cost—will not be light.

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Sir George White Sir Harry North Lady North Lady White Miss White

Photograph *Leonard Willoughby*

At Eltham, on Thursday, July 21, Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C., opened the new Rifle Range by firing the first shot. He was accompanied by Lady and Miss White, the President, Sir Harry North, and Lady North. Our photograph shows the arrival of the party, with a guard of honour of the Royal Eltham Boy Scouts drawn up

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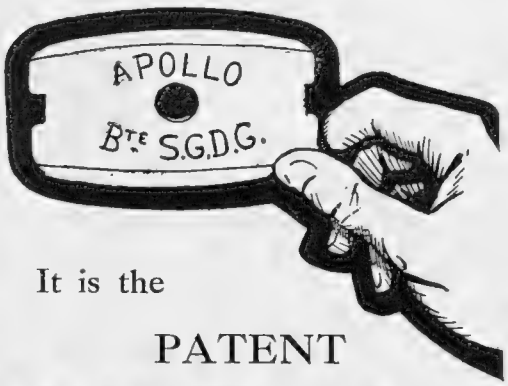

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RACING: About Goodwood. By CARBINE

Last Week's Meeting

From the social side it was the smallest and most uninteresting Goodwood I can remember, but that was not unexpected in view of the inevitable canopy which has overhung everything this season, to be gloriously lifted in Coronation year. The racing, however, was up to the average, and one will not readily forget the extremely pretty race and desperate finish for the Goodwood Plate. In last week's notes I selected Declare as the probable winner of this long-distance event, but I called attention also to Queen's Journal's excellent chance, in spite of her big penalty. I had some personal satisfaction, therefore, in seeing the pair out by themselves at the end, disputing every inch of the way with splendid courage. It was delightful to see the finest jockeys of their time, Wootton and Maher, putting in all they knew against each other, yet it was not so much jockeyship as weight which told at the last. Queen's Journal's success was another nasty knock for the compilers of the weights. The Hon. George Lambton's horses have come on so tremendously during the past two months that the handicappers appear to have been badly taken off their guard. With his horses in rare form, and Wootton going "all out" for the jockey championship, Lord Derby should be worth following for the rest of the season. The great sensation of the meeting was the defeat of Bayardo. Surprises like these are the salt of racing, and make it, perhaps, the most fascinating game in the world of sport.

Leading in the Winner of the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood

The great sprint was won by an outsider, Mrs. Villiers Morton-Jackson's Golden Rod (H. Randall up) at 20 to 1

Stewards' Cup Impressions

I met nobody at Goodwood who backed Golden Rod for the Stewards' Cup. Not even those connected with Atty Persse's very successful stable had any confidence in the Irish colt. Nor could any reasonable being have supported him with faith, seeing that he had been horribly "left" in two of his three outings earlier in the season. Golden Rod is one of the aggravating sort, who can if they will, but as a rule they won't. They are best left alone by the prudent punter. A race like the Stewards' Cup gives you many valuable "pointers" for future use. Of the beaten lot McIntyre was most unlucky, as he broke a blood-vessel just when it seemed possible for him to win. I advise my readers to watch Wedding Bells II. From her running at Goodwood I feel certain that she will win a good sprint race before the season is out. Spanish Prince, too, is one who should be followed, as he would have been among the first three last week had he started a little more briskly.

Lady Owners

I notice one of the papers refers to Mrs. Morton-Jackson, the owner of the winner of the Stewards' Cup, as the lady to whom Velocity belonged at one time. This is incorrect, as Velocity was the property of Mrs. H. V. Jackson, who is not related to Mrs. Morton-Jackson, though they are both Irish ladies. Before her recent remarriage the latter was Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson, a name very widely known in Irish sport. Considering the very large number of women who take a keen interest in the Turf, those who have their own racehorses in training are remarkably few. Besides Mrs. Sadlier-Jackson and Lady de Bathe, you will not find twenty ladies whose racing colours are registered. When will a sportswoman lead in the winner of the Derby? The nearest approach to that was when Lady Meux bred and leased to the late Mr. Whitney a Derby victor in Volodyovski.

Tips for Brighton

This week the Sussex Fortnight ends at Brighton and Lewes. There promises to be a most interesting race for the Brighton Cup on Wednesday, such good three-year-olds as Yellow Slave, Spanish Prince, Wolfe Land, Sunbright, and The Spaniard having been entered. I fancy **Yellow Slave**, and in her absence WOLFE LAND. On the same afternoon Mr. J. B. Joel's selected should win the Rottingdean Plate. On the following day **Senseless** may win the Brighton Highweight Handicap. On Wednesday **Last Call** may secure the Manchester August Handicap, and for the Red Rose Handicap on the following day **Ben-a-Bahn** is my selection.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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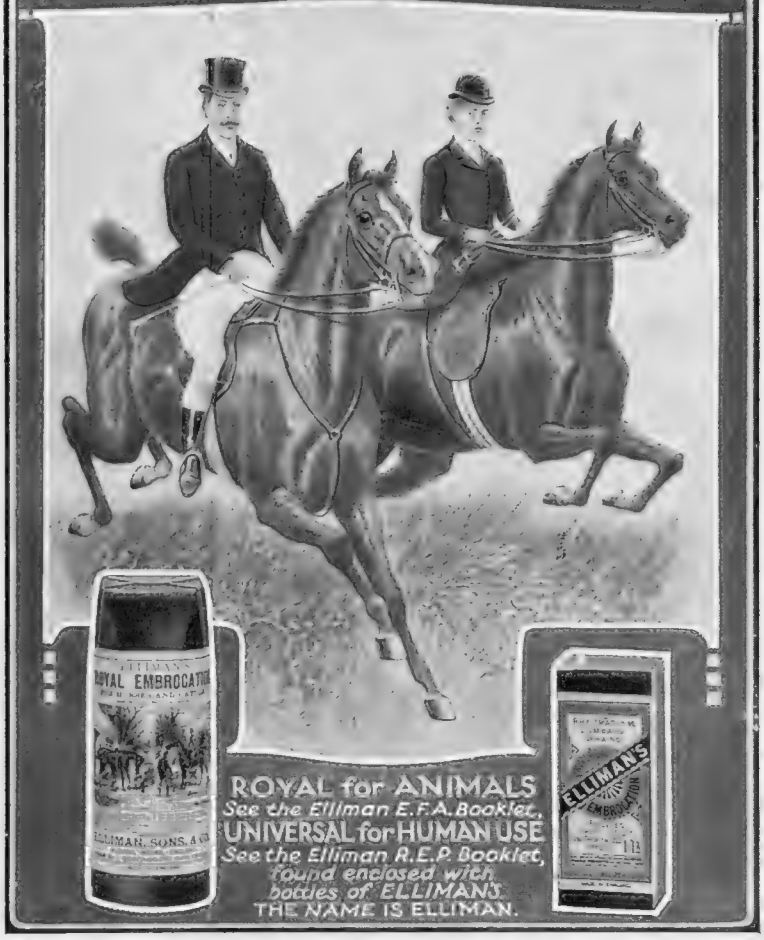

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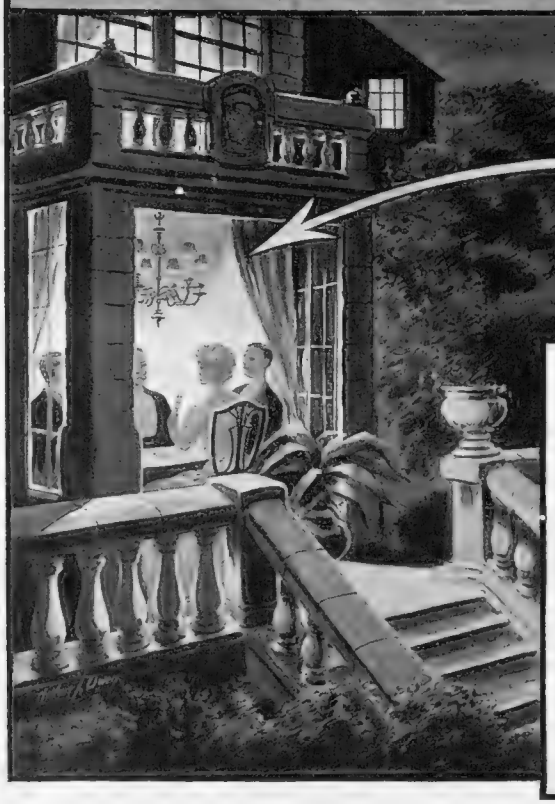

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First-rate stabling for 10 horses, lodge, and cottages; the grounds are very beautiful, and include
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TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a valuable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to nearly 37 ACRES, and comprising the above delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, in first-rate order: 4 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; entrance lodge, cottages, stabling, and farmery; gas and Company's water laid on; electric light if desired; old-world pleasure grounds of undulating character, forming a very delightful feature; woodland walks, shady lawns, and kitchen garden. The property would be sold in its entirety, or offers for smaller areas would be considered, or the Residence would be LET, Unfurnished, with 7 or more acres.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (24,448)

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IN ALL ABOUT 10 ACRES.

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with tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen garden, paddock and woodland, extending in all to about 15 ACRES: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and good domestic offices.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (10,343)

SURREY HILLS (300ft. above sea level, 1 mile from station).—To be SOLD, at a very low figure, the above picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in

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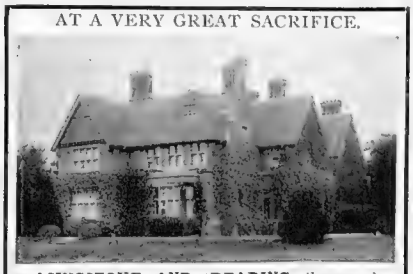

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To be SOLD, a handsome, well-built, modern COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, amidst pretty terraced grounds. On the upper floors: 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, grand lounge hall (32 ft. by 18 ft. 9 in. and 21 ft. high), 3 reception rooms, magistrate room, and extensive offices; lighted by gasolene; first-rate stabling for 14 horses, large coach-house, 2 cottages, and groom's rooms; laundry and cottage, farm cottage and homestead; excellent kitchen garden and grassland; hunting 5 days a week; golf and polo within 4 miles;

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1,700 Acres. Good Shooting. Capital Hunting.

EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

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£4,300 will PURCHASE a well-built modern RESIDENCE, situated between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne, on the summit of a hill, commanding beautiful views. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2, and men's rooms; well-wooded grounds of over

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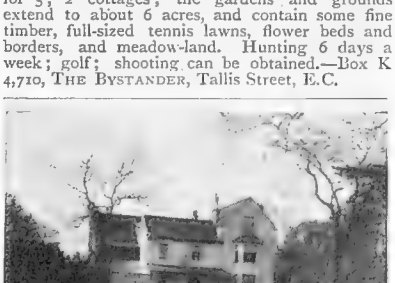

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4 well-equipped bathrooms,
splendid offices,
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Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

HAVING been compelled to give my mind somewhat exhaustively to the consideration of an outfit for a visit to a Continental watering-place not too ultra-fashionable, several important issues have been brought to my notice. Initially, then, I would point out the necessity for working as much as possible on a given scheme of colour as the best means towards diminishing luggage freight.

Broadly speaking, every fresh coloured gown entails endless adventitious accessories, from hats to hosiery, *viâ* such tiresome appendages as parasols and petticoats. The modistic law is very exigent just now on the subject of toilette details, and the influence is felt by quite moderate dressers.

But be the destined place gay or quiet, I am firmly persuaded as to the superiority of the gown over a coat and skirt for wear in the morning on the sands. To begin with, the tiresome question of washing blouses is obviated—there is no finality about a washing blouse—and, again, a lightweight navy serge, zephyr cloth, linen, or alpaca is a considerably more moderate investment than a tailored confection, and consequently its almost certain demise, under the combined influence of sea, air, and sun, can be borne with greater equanimity.

When golf falls into the scheme of amusement, economy of space may be brought about by a real Irish or Scotch tweed suit, the skirt adaptable for seashore purposes, with a neat white washing silk or tucked linen shirt. But what I think requires to be strenuously avoided is the limp, bedraggled cotton frock, the hem of the skirt showing painful evidence of having come into contact with wet sand. Also, there is something painfully incongruous about an over-trimmed lingerie blouse on a scorching beach, the sun playing terrible havoc with neck and arms through the transparencies of lawn and lace.

A Pretty Restaurant Toilette

Mrs. Jack May in her notes, suggests this costume as an addition to the Continental outfit she advises

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Aprés-midi Frocks

Here we meet rather an embarrassment of riches. The choice is extraordinarily prolific. But keeping well in view the text I have selected of only a moderately gay place, I am immediately incited to invite consideration of some Shantung gowns that have chanced to cross my line of vision.

In any tone rather than the natural, which to my mind is far too ubiquitous to be desirable, these are arranged in Princesse style, the waist defined in front by a great embroidered *motif*, suggesting a glorified buckle, the skirt plain in front, but laid in broad, fat pleats at the back, broken midway by a deep tuck. The top of the corsage is scooped out either in a round or square, and outlined by an embroidery, a replica of the waist ornament, and worn either quite hard or filled in with a clear lace collar, as circumstances and the appearance of the throat dictate.

These are of the class

of gowns that can only be designated as extravagantly simple. But well worn, with all the nice little accessories of the toilette closely thought out, they present an infinitely smarter appearance than the busier confection, and are, at the same time, equally amenable to an afternoon at the Casino, the almost inevitable races, or some excursions.

The Restaurant Toilette

In selecting this item of our Continental outfit for pictorial expression, Mrs. Dorothy Millar and I are fain to confess to a particular *penchant* for these pretty veiled effects. Satin *charmeuse* is obviously the fabric destined for the lower half of this toilette, black or any colour the wearer chooses to select, with tunic in tone, veiling an elaborate under-bodice of old lace, amalgamated with parchment-toned net or a very fine gold net. To emphasise the waist there is requisitioned one of those hand-worked embroidered *motifs* in Egyptian colourings, that is repeated near the hem of the skirt, ostensibly to hold together a slight fulness there.

For a useful, not too easily recalled, toilette, I should recommend black and gold, with just a *soupçon* of parti-colour introduced in the embroidered *motifs*. This, worn with a big black hat trimmed tulle and feathers, and some great black and white *mousseline* iris, would carry its possessor through many evenings with fitting elegance and without occasioning undue remark.

Millinery of the Present and Immediate Future

That of the present may be summed up in one word, "extinguishing." The pudding-basin toque, weighted with ribbon loops at the one side, has caught the eye and affection of the travelling *élégante*. It is practical enough, so far as keeping an assured position on the head, but has the disadvantage of so completely concealing the features as to make one woman look just like another. However, the oracle, *La Mode*, has spoken, and pudding-basin toques are already sailing successfully on a calm sea of fashionable approbation.

The style of thing, under the latest relieved auspices, forms the subject of our other picture, expressed in coarse straw, the shade of ripe corn, the black ribbon loops having one edge outlined with white Valenciennes lace.

Quite the smartest shady hats are trimmed with mammoth flowers of velvet, silk, and *mousseline*. A *tilleul* straw, clustered with great blue poppies and green wheat, strikes an exceptionally attractive note, as does a black Tagal wreathed with either white velvet clematis or immense velvet poppies, a natural, vivid shade, with green and black centres. But flowers are at their zenith, and there are signs unmistakable that the vogue for wings is merely awaiting its cue to rush into the autumnal arena. Although the desire is paramount in a large percentage of minds for millinery of a moderate character, the chances that this may be brought about are still far too remote to warrant any hopeful prophecy yet awhile. No one would welcome a change to moderation more heartily than the poor millinery saleswoman, who has her patience strained to breaking point in wedding these crazy *chapeaux* to ordinary features and minds incapable of grasping silhouette.

The Pudding-Basin Toque

Expressed in coarse straw, the shade of ripe corn, one edge of the black ribbon loops being outlined with white Valenciennes lace

The Crown Perfumery Company

Those in quest of a novel and supremely seductive perfume should sample the Crown Perfumery Company's Crab-Apple Blossom. While singularly delicate, this perfume is eminently distinctive and entirely free of that nauseous clogging so prevalent in scents, and being extra concentrated a very little goes a very long way. Crab-Apple Blossom is an unquestionable addition to the blossom perfumes, and a worthy recruit to a list that includes those invaluable Lavender Salts, surely the most invigorating pick-me-up ever produced. These are pungent without the least harshness, and if the stopper be left out of the bottle for a few minutes the atmosphere of a room will be at once purified and sweetened. There are other Lavender Salts, but only the Crown Perfumery Company's are put up with Crown stoppers.

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street

A booklet, unique of its kind, and altogether excellent, has just been issued by Messrs. Thomas and Sons, illustrating their specialities in ladies' sporting wear. This comes just at the psychological moment, when the shooting season looms ahead, and it is necessary to place orders for attire suitable to the North.

Of the three admirably coloured groups, the first appears on the back, and illustrates an Alpine scene, showing the Thomas Alpine suit under its three different aspects. This capital get-up met with the entire approval of the Committee of the Ladies' Alpine Club. The second group gives three of Messrs. Thomas and Sons' most successful costumes for sporting wear, respectively the "Brook" coat, in moss-green Selvytine, accompanying a check tweed skirt; the "Westminster" coat, also in Selvytine, and the convertible astride or walking skirt; and lastly the "York" coat and "Cape" skirt, the latter of which can be undone and lifted on the shoulders when required. Selvytine is rainproof, but not air-proof, is dust-proof, and does not crush or spot with rain.

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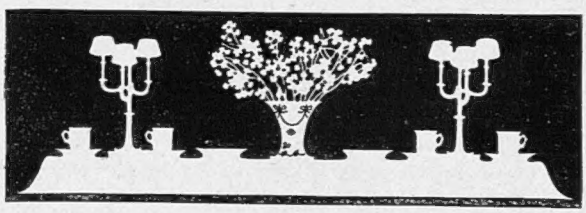

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promotes tranquil sleep.

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The 'Allenburys' DIET

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard St., London.

Hydrangeas as Pot Plants

Though hydrangeas will flower in the open air in mild districts—in the south-western counties, for example—they are elsewhere generally killed to the ground by frost, and if they are to be of any use they must be wintered under glass. As pot-plants, however, they are charming, and enormous numbers of them are raised every year for market. As a rule, these plants have only a single stem each, and though they are in quite small pots, they carry immense flower-heads. Their propagation is very simple. The stock plants are examined early in August, and the tops of the strongest shoots are taken off and used as cuttings, being inserted singly in pots of light, rich soil. They are placed in the open air, but if possible in bottom heat, an excellent position for them being the back of a melon or cucumber frame, where they will be shaded from sunshine. Of course, the soil must be kept moist. When they are rooted, which does not take long, they are exposed fully to light and air. It will be seen that the object, besides getting them rooted, is to ripen the wood, and not at this season to make them grow. The amount of water given to them is consequently reduced as the autumn advances, and when they lose their leaves and are taken into the greenhouse they are kept almost dry—until about February if they are to be forced, or later if they are to be allowed to grow naturally. It is not likely that all of them will flower, but many of them should do so, and these can soon be seen, for the terminal flower-bud expands rapidly as the temperature rises. The others, if not wanted for stock purposes, can then be thrown away.

The Care of Chrysanthemums

As the result of the cool, damp summer, chrysanthemums have made an unusual amount of growth, and unless the shoots are tied to their supports they are liable to be damaged by wind. Mildew is likely to cause trouble unless preventive measures are taken early. The plants should be sprayed at intervals with a solution of liver of sulphur (half an ounce to the gallon of water). It must be remembered, however, that this liquid blackens white paint, and, therefore, should not be used in or near greenhouses or frames. It is also effective against other fungoid diseases, such as rust, which often spoils chrysanthemums completely. The time to commence artificial feeding is when the pots are filled with roots. If it is done before, not only is it unnecessary, and, therefore, wasteful, for there must still remain some unused food in the soil, but it may be actually injurious, an excess of food being apt to turn the soil sour, and, in effect, becoming a poison. August, generally from the middle to the end, is the month for what is known as taking the buds—really, selecting the buds to flower and removing all others. For exhibition only two or three buds are left on a plant, but for ordinary purposes the number may, of course, be much larger.

H. C. DAVIDSON.

The Menu: JELLIES AND PRESERVES

Strawberry Jelly

Pick the stalks off the strawberries and put them in an enamelled stewpan over a very slow fire. Stir them with a silver spoon, and when the juice has flowed from them abundantly, let them simmer until they shrink, but be sure to take from the fire before the juice becomes thick. It will take half an hour or longer over a slow fire. Strain the juice through muslin, weigh it, and for each pound of juice allow 14oz. coarsely pounded sugar. Boil the juice alone quickly for a quarter of an hour; keep it well stirred. Take it from the fire, throw in the sugar by degrees, and keep it well stirred till the sugar is dissolved. Return the stewpan to the fire and boil quickly a quarter of an hour, or until it will jelly. If boiled too long, the colour will be spoilt. It should be a brilliant colour, and in flavour equal to Guava jelly. Pour into small moulds.

Strawberries Preserved Whole

Weigh equal quantities of fruit and grated loaf sugar. Take a large bowl, put the fruit and sugar into it in alternate layers, keeping as much sugar as will cover the fruit entirely on the top. Let it stand about twenty hours. Then put it into a preserving pan, and after it comes to boil (it should boil twenty or thirty minutes, according to the state of the fruit), then put it into jars. In making this quantity of jam there should not be more than 8lb. or 9lb. of fruit done at a time, so as to keep the strawberries whole.

To Preserve Currants for Bottling

To 9lb. of fruit add 5lb. of loaf sugar. Set it to boil for ten minutes, pour into an earthenware jar, and when quite cold put into wide-necked bottles and cover them with oil or mutton suet melted. Set the bottles in a cool place, and when the suet is quite cold tie down with paper.

Preserved Pears

Peel and quarter the pears, taking out the cores, then take equal weight of sugar to fruit, and to every 3lb. of pears add one pint of water; add cloves or sliced lemon, whichever is preferred. Put all in a large stewpan, and put the skins which have been peeled off the pears on the top of the fruit, then cover closely, and let them stew gently for five or six hours. A little cochineal improves the colour. The syrup will require boiling over again at the end of ten days. Pears when stewed according to this recipe will keep two years.

Cherry Brandy

One pound of Morella cherries, 6oz. of white pounded sugar, about a quarter of a pint of brandy or gin for a quart bottle. Have the cherries gathered on a dry day, and see that they are not over-ripe. Cut off about half the stalks. Have ready some dry glass bottles; put in the cherries, sprinkle each layer with sugar. When nearly full, fill up with brandy or gin. Cork tightly, and cover with a piece of bladder.

Orange Chips

Peel one dozen sweet oranges very thin and cut into chips. Put in salt and water, and let them remain till next day. Take out and drain till dry. Dissolve 2lb. of loaf sugar in one and a half pints of water, add the chips; put it into a stewpan and boil one hour and a half. Pour into a basin. Next day return to the stewpan and boil till quite candied. Put them in a dry bottle and cork. These are very good for dessert.

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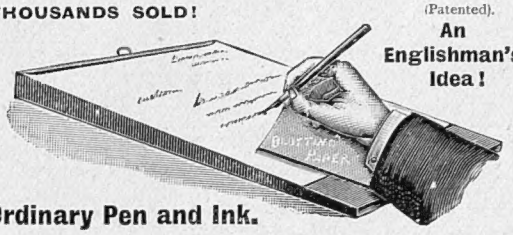

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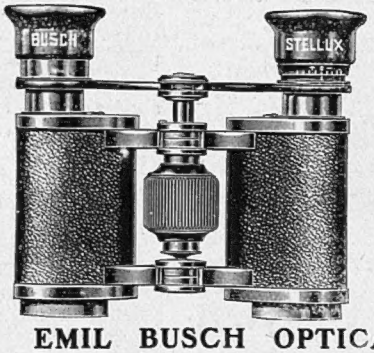

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The Editor's Box

The Business and Advertising Exhibition

The Lord Mayor has promised to open in State the Business and Advertising Exhibition. It is the fourth of its kind, and will be opened at Olympia in October next. Preparations are now well advanced for the display of all the latest developments of business science. The *Organiser* is promoting the show, and inquiries may be sent to the offices at 2, Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, E.C.

"The Transvaal Leader"

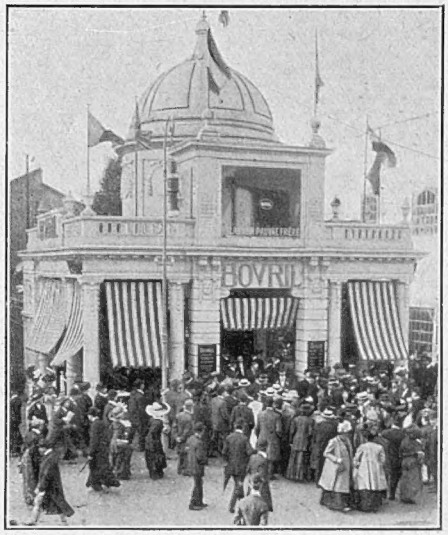
In celebration of the Union of South Africa *The Transvaal Leader* published on May 31 last a special supplement, which contained fifty-six pages devoted to lengthy articles on engineering and agricultural subjects, giving an idea of the increasing growth of these industries and indicating the advancement of the Transvaal generally. The supplement is illustrated by several interesting drawings and photographs of men who are, and have made themselves, prominent in connection with the progress of this vast territory. One cannot fail to be impressed, after glancing through this publication, by the great work which has made so rapid and effectual a change in so comparatively short a time

The Belgian State Railways and Mail Packet Service

The magnificent new turbine steamer, the *Pieter de Coninck*, which took her place in the Dover-Ostend service on June 27 last, attained at her trial trips on the measured mile a speed of 24.8 knots per hour—a record achievement. The Belgian Government now possess in their cross-Channel service between Dover and Ostend the three fastest turbine steamers between England and the Continent, viz., the new vessel, the *Pieter de Coninck*, the *Jan Breydel*, quite recently placed on the service, whose speed equals that of the former ship, and the *Princesse Elisabeth*. Jan Breydel and Pieter de Coninck were two popular heroes in the history of Belgium of the thirteenth century.

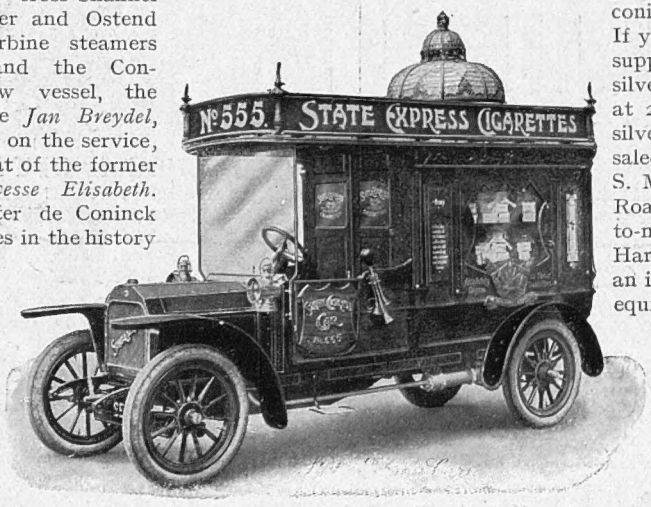
The Lord Mayor and Bovril

The Lord Mayor visited the Bovril Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition on Saturday, July 23, when a reception was held in his honour. The Earl of Arran, K.P., President of Bovril Ltd., was prevented by illness in his family from being present, but Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., F.R.S., a Director of the Company, representative of English Science, took his place, and gave a cordial welcome to the Lord Mayor, and thanked him for the honour he had done to Bovril. The charming little daughter of the Belgian Manager of Bovril Ltd., Miss Robertson, presented a bouquet of flowers to the Lady Mayoress, who rewarded her with a kiss. For the third year in succession, Bovril Ltd. have gained Exhibition Honours. The year before last they



The Lord Mayor Visits the Bovril Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition

were awarded two Grands Prix at the Franco-British, last year the Grand Prix at the Imperial International, and this year they have again succeeded in gaining the Grand Prix at the Japan-British. Bovril Ltd. also hold the Royal Appointment, they are contractors to British and foreign Governments, and they have supplied many arctic and antarctic expeditions, including that commanded by Lieut. Shackleton.



The Unique Ardath Advertising and Delivery Van

A Unique Motor Registration

There is nothing, they say, new under the sun; but an advertising and delivery motor-van, the registered number of which forms the descriptive title of the goods so advertised, is a decided novelty. Such is the new van just put upon the streets by the well-known Ardath Tobacco Company and registered as S.E. 555, this being the brand of their famous "State Express" Cigarettes. The body of the car, which is symbolical of the Ardath productions, is a natural mahogany, bearing a beautifully carved design of tobacco leaves, etc. The roof, in *repoussé* copper with white opal signs all round, supports a highly effective dome, fitted with ornamental lead lights, and at night, when the whole car is lit up, the effect is beautiful in the extreme. Finally, we note that this magnificent car is British-made throughout, a testimony to the patriotism of the Ardath Tobacco Company.

"The Baby's World"

The *Baby's World*, the practical magazine for mothers, has already achieved a place among the high-class illustrated magazines. The third number is as interesting as its predecessors, and will be just as helpful to those who have young children. For all that affects the feeding, clothing, and training of children it is a monthly budget of information and inspiration that every mother will welcome.

A Hint to Cigar Smokers

Instead of cutting your cigar with a knife, which often tears or breaks the leaf, use Hardtmuth's Patent Cigar Piercer, which drills a clean hole in the cigar without injury to the leaf. You can get one of these useful piercers for 6*d*. or 1*s*. at any tobacconists, but be sure it is Hardtmuth's. If you care to pay more, jewellers can supply Hardtmuth's Cigar Piercer in silver at 5*s*. and upwards, and in gold at 21*s*. and upwards. The gold and silver piercers are made and wholesaled by the well-known firm of S. Mordan and Co., Ltd., of 41, City Road, E.C. Buy one to-day, try it to-night, and in future you will regard Hardtmuth's Patent Cigar Piercer as an indispensable item in your smoking equipment.

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

That delicious musical play, *The Arcadians*, was delighting audiences at this cozy little theatre last week. Miss Molly McIntyre played Eileen Cavanagh, the part that Miss Phyllis Dare created at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Miss McIntyre is a clever actress, with a pleasing voice. One would not be surprised to see her playing a big part at a West-End theatre. *The Beauty of Bath* is the present attraction at this theatre.